

THE WAR CRY

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY



IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year, No. 28

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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A NEWSGIRL'S SOUND ADVICE.

(See Article on page 4.)

FACTS ABOUT AFRICA.

The Continent of Africa has an area of 11,520,000 square miles. This is three times as large as the United States, including Alaska.

The population numbers about 100,000,000. Of this number, one-fourth are Mohammedans, and nearly three-fourths Pagans. Three millions are nominal Christians. One-half of these are Copts and Abyssinians. There are a million Jews, and 250,000 Hindoos.

Africa has six race-groups, 438 languages, and 153 creeds. Into 13 of these the whole Bible has been translated, the New Testament into 10 others, and portions into 43 others still.

Idol-worship is not so common as fetish-worship. A piece of wood or soap would become the object of brutal and superstitious worship. Human sacrifices are frequently offered. Darkness covers the land and gross darkness the people.

Cannibalism still prevails in the Congo country. Some natives recently said: "We welcome war, because it brings us meat. We eat all enemies slain in battle."

Old men and old women near the Congo, if unable to provide for themselves, are put out into the forest to die.

The slave-trade has been abolished on the west coast, but not on the east. The drain-traffic is a terrible curse to all parts of the continent, and it appears to be increasing. A native evangelist said: "It is an enemy within the walls; an enemy that has taken the stronghold of the town; an enemy that has slain our leaders, sent into poverty and bondage our young men and women, filled our streets with broken bottles, filled our homes with desperate and hardened inmates, and left unsaved souls that might have been saved by the sound of the Gospel."

Missionary work began in Africa in 1736. There are now forty-two Societies carrying on work in that continent. There are still about 1,200 missionaries, about 1,000 stations, and about 1,000,000 Protestant adherents. Of these over 100,000 are communists.

Including the European population of South Africa, it is estimated that only one person out of every thirty-four is even a nominal Christian. Every day over 13,500 pass into Christian graves.

While something has been done toward the evangelization of Africa, the great field has hardly been touched. Missionaries are pressing in from the Cape and along all the large streams, but there remains yet a very much land to be possessed. The Arab carries the Koran into the heart of the country, traders go everywhere, gun and gunpowder are finding their way in all directions; but the messengers of Christ, with the Water of Life, are not.—N. A., in Christian Standard.

HOW GOD ANSWERED PRAYER

By W. RITCHIE, Tilsonburg, Ont.

The corps had been without officers for some weeks, and the responsibility of selling War Crys, conducting the meetings, and otherwise managing affairs devolved on the few soldiers who had time to attend to such work.

It was a country village corps, and many of the soldiers had chores to do in the evenings. The men made just supports, consequently late arrivals at the barracks; however, the meetings were kept going, with fair crowds in attendance, but no souls were saved. All through the beautiful Canadian summer the soldiers had marched, held open-air, and indoor meetings with no visible results, although each felt certain they had done all they could, and wondered why there was so much indifference manifested by the unsaved.

Summer had gone, and the first snow of winter had spread its pure white mantle over the quiet fields and village street. The afternoon meeting had just ceased, and several of the soldiers stood around the stove, bewailing the non-success of the meetings, and wondering why souls were not brought to Jesus. The question was unanswered when the Sergeant pulled his cap down over his

ears and inserted the key in the door lock as a signal to disperse.

The Turning Point.

Up the village street went the small group, still in serious discussion, when a lone soldier expressed his determination to go back to the hall and spend the time before the evening meeting in prayer and fasting. Another joined him, and then another, until the whole group retraced their steps, and were soon on their knees pleading for souls. At first there was no apparent response, the heavens seemed as brass; but by-and-bye a change came, and God seemed to be very near the little band, and their souls entered into communion with Him. Usually no one appeared at the hall until eight o'clock, but at seven someone knocked for admission, soon followed by others, until the hall was almost crowded at fifteen minutes to eight. From the opening song God set His seal on the gathering, which lasted until a late hour, and several

His Last Song.

We have just read this touching story of an aged Christian, a singer of no mean order, who was afflicted with a cancer on his tongue. He went to a hospital for an operation, and there the catastrophic incident occurred.

Holding up his hand, he said, "Wait a minute, doctor, I have something to say to you." The operator waited, and the patient continued: "When this is over, doctor, will I ever sing again?"

The doctor could not speak; there was a big lump in his own throat. He simply shook his head, while the tears streamed down the poor fellow's face, and he trembled convulsively. The sick man then appealed to the doctor to lift him up, with which request the physician complied. He said, "I have had many a good time singing God's praises, and you tell me, doctor, I can never sing anymore after this. I have one song to sing which will be



"How It Happened."

The excellent Social Report is selling well, and some corps are sending in duplicate orders. West Ontario seems to deserve the palm for pushing the pamphlet. Mitchell sold out first, and ordered a second supply, for which it has also remitted since. Stratford and Bayfield were next in promptness.

"* * *"

Contributors Wanted.

The War Cry can always do with articles that are worth publishing; especially welcome are life-sketches of officers and soldiers, short stories, and corps histories. If you have any time and literary talent, you could not use them better than by writing for the Cry. Take a little pains over your article; it's worth while, considering that thousands of eyes will see and read it.

"* * *"

Easter War Cry.

Don't forget to do your share in pushing that Special Number. It is worth pushing, and good value at five cents. Why, the Commissioner's picture is worth that much alone. Its frontispiece will be in two colors, similar to the last Easter Edition. The two colors will be used in several other pages throughout the Cry. So much for its dress. Its contents will be "all right." Remember, the price will be only five cents.

"* * *"

Victoria Shelter Alive.

Adj. Dodds writes a nice letter from Victoria. "We are quite alive," he writes, "and we are having some blessed meetings, both in the Shelter and at the jail. We are also doing some visiting amongst the poor, and right in their homes God is saving them. Praise Him. Last Sunday morning in the jail meeting, when I asked if there was a man who would start for heaven, one young man rose to his feet and said, with tears rolling down his cheeks, 'Yes, I will.' God pardoned him."

"* * *"

Correspondence.

We wish to thank our correspondents, who drop us an encouraging line, or a cheerful letter, for their communications. Our time will not permit us to answer them all individually, but we are always glad to receive such letters, and carefully read them. Those who enclose a stamp for publication must not look for immediate publication, unless it is news, since we have to hold manuscripts often for some time for various reasons.

"* * *"

THOUGHTS.

A proud man's grace is a humble man's disgrace.

VVV

People don't like plain talk, because it plagues the rough character.

VVV

Whiskey collects a man's vitality into his nose.

VVV

When a man's love freezes up in his heart, it becomes the devil's skating rink.

VVV

A godly saloon-keeper and a fashionable religion are humbugs.

VVV

Mark the man who talks to you about others—he'll talk to others about you.

VVV

Knowledge is not always wisdom, but he is wise who knows the extent of his knowledge and how to apply it.

VVV

A brook gains depth through check of progress, and will always flow on when it rises above its barriers.

VVV

Many a one tries to sit on the house-top, but for the laying of the foundation of which he will not labor.

VVV

The real letters from hell are those on the sign board, "Saloon," and those in its owner's pocket—issued by the Government called "License."

Lieut. H. Kreiger.

The Crossroads of Life.

By W. A. H., Manitoba.

How smoothly the days of our childhood
Glide away on the bosom of Time!
How buoyant and glad we press onward
While glad youth and innocence clime!
To our hearts life is only one pathway,
With pencil and with purity life.

But all sudden we step, undecided—

We have reached the first crossroads of life.

It is well we should pause and consider
The ways that do here intersect,
For never did paths meet together
Whose ends far asunder defect.
Oh! many at this point have faltered,
And settled for ever the strife,
As the right or the wrong they have entered
The very first crossroads of life.

One way is resplendent appearing,
With the butterly glories of time—
Embellished with pleasures enchanting
That luring and brilliant outshine.
But, ah! further on—are the sorrows,
And the grief that doth pierce like a knife;
The pathway of death and destruction
Deceives at the crossroads of life.

Unattractive the other way seemeth,
Prosaic, and tollsome to view,
An upward incline to our vision,
With crosses each day to pursue.
But all the way on is His Presence,
Who maketh our cross a delight,
While honors and glories are waiting
Those choosing the crossroad of right.

Ah! could we but see all the sorrow,
The heart-breaking struggles within,
The unspoken woes and the groanings
That mark out a contest with sin.
How could we unmoved, see the conflict,
Or indifferent gaze on the strife,
While Heaven and Hell give battle
For a soul at the crossroads of life?

Oh! Christian, on life's weary journey,
Perchance at this hour by thy side
A comrade stands trembling, and tearing,
O'er results that one step may bestride,
It will lightens his pathway, and brighten,
To bear in the midst of the strife:
"Oh! trust in thy God and keep watchful
At all the dread crossroads of life."

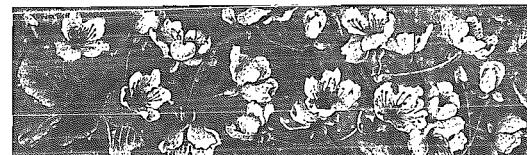
sinners sought salvation; among them noted initial, who had always made light of the Gospel. That night was only a taste of what followed. The good work continued and the corps grew in grace and numbers.

That was years ago. Many of those soldiers are now scattered to various parts of God's great vineyard, and in the battles of these later days, when they are tempted to be discouraged, they remember how God answered their prayer in the little corps at home.

the last. It will be a song of gratitude and praise to God as well.

Then from the operator's table, the poor man sang so familiar to many:

"I'll praise my Master while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall never be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures."





AMONG THE REFUGEES.

Thrilling Stories of an Officer on the Borderland, who Opened a Shelter and Ran a Social on Behalf of the Refugees.

Having been stationed in one of our border towns before and after war was declared, I thought a few lines on our work amongst the refugees would be acceptable and very interesting to our War Cry readers.

The distress and wretchedness I have had to witness was heart-rending, and many a mourning I have stood on the station with a lump in my throat, and watched the masses of human beings crowded away in cattle and coal trucks! Only those who see these things can understand what they really mean.

Before the war was declared men were coming to me

Every Day for Help.

saying they had no money and were hungry, and had nowhere to go. I could not turn them off to sleep on the cold, hungry and cold, so I used to take them in and give them a shake-down on the floor and something to eat. They are coming so fast that I felt I must do something to meet the need, so I opened a small Shelter; and not a moment too soon, for people were leaving the Transvaal and Free State in hundreds every day—trains were coming in at all times.

One night, when conducting my open-air meeting, a telegram was put into my hand from the station-master, with the words :

"There are about 350 poor and destitute passengers with the train due here at 9:30 to-night."

What was to be done? It was 7:30, and the night was cold. So I left the open-air with the soldiers and ran off to a two-bit kaffie of rice, and all the bread and butter and salves I could lay my hands on, and was up at the station when the train came in. I had made arrangements with several ladies and gentlemen of the town to take some in; but, alas! they all went on to East London, where accommodation was ready for them.

One night, when I was closing the barracks, after the night meeting, to go home, a tall, well-dressed American came after me and told me his sad experience. He had been in Johannesburg Hospital with fever, and was getting better, when he had to clear out, just taking hand-bag with him, and when he got to the station he could not take even that, for all cattle-trucks and carriages were packed full, and no room to move. The poor man, having to stand two days and two nights, the

Fatigue Brought on a Relapse.

and when he got to Queenstown he had to be taken to hospital again. When he was better he came out without a penny in his pocket, and nowhere to go. Such was his state when I found him, weak through illness, hungry and low-spirited. I took him by the hand and said :

"Come on, my brother; you shall have food, and a bed."

And he was very grateful to sit down and break his fast.

I don't want to take up much space, but I could go on giving you dozens of cases whom it has been my privilege to help, who came to me with just what they stood in. When the trains were running full on the Rand Line, we were running empty every morning, and bread and butter for those who were passing through.

Didn't they clutch at it, too, with their cold hands, some of them having been in the train for two days and two nights with little to eat, only what they brought with them, which many lost in the struggle to get into the trains. As coffee was sixpence per cup at the station, poor people had not much of a chance.

In one early morning train that came in, a mother sat next the door of the carriage fast asleep. Poor soul!

she was quite done out, and when the door was opened the child in her arms

Rolled Out on the Platform.

One woman was brought to me with nine children, and another with three, all wet and tired, a rain-storm having soaked them as they sat in the open truck. All sorts and conditions of people were coming to me every day. Two men and a woman came in one afternoon, weary, and worn, and foot-sore, having walked all the way from Johannesburg.

On a Saturday afternoon, about three o'clock, a batch of about one hundred men, women and children came in from the invaded border, with literally nothing, having had to leave their homes and all they possessed. Saturday was a very bad day to get provisions; but I got a bag of meal and gave each one enough to keep them going until Monday. It was quite a sight to see the poor people gather round, some with bugs, and tins, and up-roots, waiting for their supply.

On one train I counted about one hundred natives, packed away in a coal-truck just like herrings, and many were the sad sights to be seen when British subjects were flying from the Rand. One woman in a truck full of men gave birth to a child ;

Children Died with Cold,

others were crushed to death! Three men were brought to the Shelter with one, who came out to this country some years ago, was very ill, and when we talked to him about his soul he said, "Don't talk to me about that!" I left him to visit the military camp, and when I came back he had passed from time into eternity!

I could go on telling you of people whom we have helped, and when I left Queenstown to go to the front on Naval and Military work, we were supplying, on an average, eighty beds, and six hundred meals per week, and, to the time I left, I had found employment for forty men and women in town and country. Thus we have been kept busy during these dark times in our land.—John Anderson, South African Field Force, the Camp, Sterkstroom.

FROM CAPE TOWN.

It is computed that here in Cape Town over a hundred thousand fighting men have come and gone during the last few months, the vast majority intoxicated with the "glories" of war, and with little or no concern about death and things eternal. Salvationists out-and-out and good Christian men are to be found in the Imperial ranks; 'tis true, but how few they are, after all, compared with the battalions of the ungodly! We praise God for the victories up to now in every direction, and with faith and confidence we advance to greater triumphs. The souls of thousands engaged in this terrible war shall continue to be our first consideration.

But the picture, as we see it daily, here about Cape Town, would not be complete without a further reference to that ever-increasing section especially mentioned in last week's letter, namely, the wounded. As re

giment after regiment departs "on the way up," the thought constantly comes uppermost as we gaze upon the scene, "How many of these will return?" They do return, scores of them after they have fallen in desperate engagement at far-off Natal, or at places only a few hundred miles distant up the line. Aye, hundreds of them, first by ship, or train, and then by ambulance wagons, long lines of which are to be seen almost daily, in the neighborhood of Wynberg and

Rondebosch, driven slowly with their precious burdens, proceeding to and from the railway stations and the hospital camps.

These are sorrowful sights, rendered the more painful as we peer inside and cast our eyes upon the reclining and bandaged forms, and the upturned pallid countenances and closed eyes, indicative of pain and suffering. Not infrequently these ambulances pass us as we sit out an open-air meeting at some old, weather-beaten spot on the line of route, and we make good use of the picture in driving home the blessed truths of salvation to the hearts of the drink-soaked, sin-stained portions of the crowd standing round. And then, as often as we have the opportunity, we visit the sick and suffering ones, and speak to them words of consolation and hope, and we are cheered and encouraged with the results of our labor of love and of duty.

The Highland Brigade at the Modder River.

We are still well in touch with the Highland Brigade at Modder River. Though we have to mourn the loss of quite a number of precious comrades in this brigade in recent engagements, yet the Naval and Military League is still strongly represented in its ranks. Ensign Scott accompanied the flying column, under General Macmillan, in the expedition to Kroonstad, and we are anxiously awaiting details.

New converts continue to be captured at Modder River. Major Swain

reports :

"Another convert in our tent last night. It was only a small prayer meeting, but one of the Highland Light Infantry brought a chum with him, and before we closed he gave himself to God."

From another letter we gather that as a result of an open-air meeting outside one of the camps, three more dear fellows knelt in the open-air and gave their hearts to God. This totals seven lads who have got converted late, three of whom have already become officers again. Capt. Horner, with General Gatting's column, has also secured several Leaguers. Lieut. Warricker, writing from the camp, Sterkstroom, says :

"New departures, new Light, and new Leaguers continue to mark our progress. We have our hands full, and our daily program is a large one, being divided among hospital visitation, open-air and prayer meetings, tent-feeding, and running two tents for use among six thousand troops."

Adj. Murray, and the brave little band on the Natal side, are as zealous and energetic as ever. Capt. Ashman, who, to all intents and purposes, is now an army chaplain in the great salvation cause, attached to and laboring with one of the flying column, is remarkable in his work, and speaks highly of the kindness of the Imperial officers. Adj. Murray also makes special mention in his despatches, of sympathy and co-operation of both officers and civilians.

Inspiring Examples.

"Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

—/—

In Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians, there lived a beautiful young girl named Theodora. Being a true follower of Jesus, she refused to recognize the Roman gods of wood and stone and was condemned to a shameful punishment.

—/—

Didymus, another Christian, hurried to her home and persuaded her to escape in soldier's clothing. He then put on her dress and was taken to be punished in her stead. The judge discovered, and instead of letting him go, the judge condemned him to death.

—/—

Theodora, hearing of this, returned and threw herself at the judge's feet, begging that she only might suffer, but the stern judge condemned them both, so they were both executed. Here we learn of the noble, self-sacrificing love of the early Christians.—W. H.

With God working for you, every one of His promises shall come to glorious consummation.



THE S. A. KLDNIE KITTEN.

Cats are worth from ten to twenty dollars apiece in Dawson. This kitten was given to Ensign Ellery when quite small. When she goes on her visits to the sick, she frequently takes her cat to amuse the children. While on one of these visits to a sick little girl this kitten was photographed by her father in thankful remembrance of the nurse's services. The photos sell at 50c. apiece at Dawson.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin

CONDUCT

Eight Days' Special Campaign

at Lisgar Street.

Excellent Congregations—Splendid Meetings
Doop Conviction—Ten Seekers.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin have been conducting soul-saving meetings, extending over two Sundays, in connection with the above corps, with marked success.

On the first Sunday, in spite of the bitter cold weather, we had magnificent congregations. At night extra seats and chairs were in requisition. The spiritual fervor and enthusiasm of the soldiers was splendid. God came gloriously near. The day's fighting resulted in three seekers.

During the week the meetings were held in the Juniors' Hall, which was filled every night. The Brigadier's practical, pointed addresses were enjoyed by all present. On Tuesday night three came forward, and on Wednesday night two others sought forgiveness. The open-air was made attractive on Thursday night by having several short stands, thoroughly surrounding the neighborhood.

Sunday was the last day of the campaign, and from the spiffid open-air meeting in the auditorium right to the closing benediction the power of God was mightily present in all the public gatherings. The Brigadier's address on Faith, Hope, and Charity, in the morning, will long be remembered by those who heard it. Ensign Burrows assisted in the afternoon, and also did Capt. Arnold with his violin.

The night meeting was a triumph! The crowd was great! Extra seats again had to be brought in. Bro. Hart sang a good salvation solo. Capt. Arnold played his violin. Ensign Burrows and Mrs. Gaskin spoke with power. The Brigadier wound up with an address on "Christ, or Barabbas." The people were visibly moved. The soldiers held on in mighty faith. The prayer meeting began. Some went out. One converted settled on those who remained. The brave Little Warriors sang and prayed in the spirit of earnestness. We wound up rejoicing over two souls finding their way to mercy and salvation.

The corps is going on and up. The junior work is doing splendidly. The senior warriors, led by Adj. Scar and Capt. Matthews, are a desperately determined band of consecrated men and women, who, amid snow and ice, wind and storm, march the streets singing the songs of salvation, or stand at the street corners warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come. Such labors God will reward. There will be an eternal crowning for these brave soldiers of the Cross.

A Newsgirl's Advice.

(To our frontispiece.)

John Burgess was "down on his luck."

Time was—and not so long ago—when fortune had seemed in his favor. His trade as an electrician procured him good wages, and being a steady-going chap, he was in no sad case. In religion John Burgess made no decided stand. Perhaps if asked if he had any faith, he would have returned the answer given by some agnostic years since, "I am neither for God nor against Him." This neutral view permitted John Burgess to call the liberal ideas of life a "gain," and cards an occasional glass, and now and then a visit to a select but worldly entertainment he considered allowable indulgences for a man with "a level head," and as he threw in every week at hour of conventional worship at a fashionable church, he counted himself a commendable and even Christian American citizen. Yet he sought no Heavenly Guide in his life nor acknowledged Divine claims upon his talents.

A prospective advertisement turned the young man's ambitious towards Canada. He was told Montreal was the place for a man like him to make his fortune. Whether he repented, he knew no one in the city, but felt confident of his success.

A week or two in the Mountain City revolutionized John Burgess. Far from finding the abundance of promising jobs amongst which he might挑选 his choice, he could hear of none, and found that the streets were full of men as miserable and disappointed as himself, or more so. Tramping up and down the dingy streets till his heart was sick with the fruitless search, John tried, as evil advice termed it, "an extra glass to keep his courage up." Alas! his courage sank but the lower, and in the renewed endeavors to keep it up by intoxicants, John Burgess became a wretched, purposeless, empty—his appearance shabby and his character degraded. Then everything he possessed became pledged to slake the thirst for liquid fire that now burned within him. His electrical tools, his two watches and chains, and then his trunk of clothing, were all swallowed up. Destitution and degradation stared him in the face, yet still drank.

In the corner of a low saloon John Burgess sat spending his last coin for another dose of the curse which had ruined him. Those weeks of wrongdoing had transformed the trim young workman into a desperate drunkard.

"Paper, sir?"

A little newsgirl, raggedy-clad stood before him.

"Not for me, miss," he muttered; "I'm broke."

The wise little face beneath the ragged hat looked thoughtfully at him. She was evidently weighing up the man before her.

"It's a pity for a man like you as is down to stay down," she said in her little old-fashioned way. "Why don't you give up the drink?"

"Can't I?" said John Burgess slowly.

"Oh, yes you can." The little girl's face was full of the gladdest assurance. "I'll show you where; come with me."

John Burgess could hardly believe his own sensations. He got up and followed her out of the saloon. There was no use in arguing with a child, and something in her frank simplicity seemed to compel him to obey her wish.

Through the streets he was hurried. They were a strange pair, and not a few curious glances were bent upon the tiny conductress who piloted the half-drunk man through the busy thoroughfares. At last the little girl stopped outside a red brick building with brightly-lighted windows.

"This is the place," she said, and opening the door pushed him in.

A cold-hot Salvation Army meeting was going on inside. John Burgess was taken hold of before he knew it. A few minutes later he knelt at the penitent form sobbing out his story of sin and grief.

From the barracks to the Shelter, a soldier took him a short cut. At the Lighthouse John Burgess found friends, and a chance to put his good resolves into practice. There is every prospect of his regaining his lost position in society, and with the fear of

God in his heart, is twice the man he ever was before.

What of the little newspaper girl? I know not. But God sees her where she is, and will know where to find her when the time comes for giving the reward of this world's Good Samaritans.—A. L. P.

Are You the Man?

It is said that when Garibaldi was going out to battle he told his troops what he wanted them to do. When he had done so, they said:

"Well, General, what are you going to give us for all that?"

"Well," he replied, "I don't know what else you will get; but you will get hunger, and cold, and wounds, and death. How do you like that?"

His men stood before him a little while in silence, and then they threw up their hands and cried:

"We are the men! We are the men!"

God calls for spiritual heroes, who will thus dare for Him! Can He depend upon you?

Life's Conflicts Ended.

Sister Crawford, of Faversham, Goes to Her Reward.

Sister Crawford, the first soldier of Faversham Circle Corps, passed away to be with the Master on Monday, March 12th, at 1.30 p.m.

Truly it can be said of our sister, to die was gain. From the commencement of the work at Faversham, she has stood at the front of the battle, and has been faithful under the heat and burden of the day. Her heart and hand were never closed to any who needed her help. Her religion proved itself to be of the practical kind, and was demonstrated all through her experience, both by her faith and works.

Sister Crawford was an out-and-out Salvationist from her first acquaintance with the Army, wearing its uniform and loyal to its teaching. Her life, together with the late Sisters Wright and Poole, who have gone on before, has been the means of bringing about the successful work at Faversham that has been carried on there during the past few years. The faithfulness of these three comrades, whose names, by the way, were the first three on the roll, has no doubt been the means of helping the officers who were stationed there, and the 50 soldiers who compose the Faversham corps.

Our beloved Commissioner Schlueter conducted the funeral services were conducted by Major Turner, of Toronto. A song was sung, and prayer offered at the house, after which the body was conveyed to the burial ground, a distance of one and a-half miles.

A large crowd was waiting for the service at Ladybank where a very impressive meeting was held. After the opening song and prayer by Captain Cornish, a solo was sung by Captain Poole with very great effect. A number of the oldest soldiers then spoke with much respect and feeling, and also told in no uncertain way of the confidence that they reposed in the love and experience of our departed comrade.

The Word was then read by the Major, and the words spoken by him, we believe, were received with much interest. Many hearts were touched as he spoke of the reward of the righteous and deep conviction showed itself in the faces of many.

The following Sunday night a Memorial Service was held at the Faversham barracks, conducted by Captain Poole, assisted by Lieut. Edwards. A large crowd was present at the service, and listened with much interest to the words spoken from II Timothy 4th to 8th verses, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith."

The Spirit of God spoke to many hearts as God's claims were brought to bear upon the people.

We are certain that, though our comrade is dead, her life still speaks to the number who were familiar with her voice, and who watched her devotion to the Cross from time to time. We sincerely trust that through that death many may be brought to the Master.

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An Indian Wedding

AT SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

BY MRS. ADJT. MCGILL.

We have had a big wedding. Two covers, of a few months' standing, were married on Monday evening. Not a real Army wedding as we would have liked, but the bride's father, being a chief, having his heart set on his daughter being married in a style befitting her rank, we had to give them a certain license not usual with us. However, the band hired for the occasion, and other accessories, called out a big crowd, and as the majority of them never enter a place of worship, we had the opportunity of presenting the Gospel in prayer and song, and they listened attentively.

The Daily Alaskan reports the affair as follows:

SWELL INDIAN WEDDING.
Salvation Army Barracks Besieged for Seats.

The Indian wedding at the Salvation Army barracks yesterday afternoon called out as many people as a fire would, and a fire is the easiest means of taking the center of the city. The hall was soon crowded and the doors jammed shut. Still men and women fought for entrance, and it seemed at times that the front of the building might be pushed in.

The wedding itself was an orderly ceremony as was ever witnessed, though not as somber as some, for Adjt. McGill believes not in the long face style of piety. The bride, Miss Frances Knauft, was robed in white, with long veil of lace attached to a wreath of orange blossoms, and blushed as prettily, but a trifle deeper, as the pale-faced bride. And John Williams was every bit as abashed as the Boston man under similar circumstances.

Commissioner Schlueter tied the knot, prefacing the ceremony by a few words that he had been requested to say on the subject of marriage, and these few words were faithfully translated and repeated in the Indian tongue by Joseph Kadouth, a convert of the Army of several months' standing.

"Not only for myself, but for the white people generally," said Commissioner Schlueter, "I desire to express the pleasure it gives me to see the Indians entering into the marriage contract the same as the white people. Marriage is a civil contract; it is also a civil institution ordained or provided for by God, and when we enter into these relations we should do so with a clear understanding of the responsibilities that attach to such an important transaction."

"It is a sad fact all over this land that the marriage relation is considered too lightly. People enter into it without due consideration, and seem willing to throw off the responsibilities so solemnly undertaken with much care. It is to be hoped that when the Indians enter into this solemn contract they will do so after having carefully considered the matter, with a full determination to stand by the contract in all that it implies."

The orchestra then played the wedding march, after which Commissioner Schlueter went through the simple form that made the two intelligent young Indians man and wife. After this several young Indians, including the newly-married, told their religious experiences, and there was a great deal of singing interspersed with short prayers. It was, on the whole, a very interesting and cheerful wedding.

Shine Out.

Man has the privilege of being a blessing, or otherwise, to his fellows. Words are not essential, though they are good, as stated in Proverbs. The heart having been touched by the Divine, that touch in turn reaches the face, which, in turn, can be a silent sermon, and is very much used of God to the sowing of the seed, which, in a few instances, falls into good ground. The result of a good countenance is fruit for eternity.—J. LeCocq, Capt.

The front horse always has to pull the hardest.

The Forest City Visited

BY LIBUT.-COL. MRS. READ.

Deep Interest—Good Crowd—League of Mercy Additions—Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity's Kind Words—A City's Dark Side.

The series of meetings conducted by Mrs. Read in London have been very profitable, and the blessings received from them will live. A very cordial welcome was accorded her on the Saturday night.

On Sunday morning Mrs. Read gave a very earnest and practical talk on the power of the Holy Ghost.

Sunday afternoon Staff-Capt. Phillips very interestingly introduced Mrs. Read. Bro. Merrill, representing the League of Mercy, testified to the great amount of good done by those sisters who visited the jail, hospital, etc., and said that it was very true that they were angels of light to those who were sick and the prison walls, or laid on beds of sickness and suffering in the hospitals.

Miss Read then got well hold of the people as she spoke to them of "The New Song"—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." And as she talked of the sin and sorrows of earth, and of the Blood-washed ones who were slinging around the Throne of the New Jerusalem, many hearts were deeply touched.

On Sunday night the barracks was filled. Hitherto the League of Mercy workers have been the women, but in this meeting three brothers were commissioned to go forward on this Christ-like mission, carrying light, and joy, and blessing to the poor lonely prisoners and sufferers.

The Social meeting on Monday night in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church was well attended. The Rev. Dr. Johnson acted as chairman, and in introducing Mrs. Read, spoke of the grand work both Spiritual and Social, that is being carried on by the Army. He mentioned our beloved Commissioner's visit to London last year, said that was "one of THE meetings of the year," and had been a great inspiration to him personally. He loved the Army and counted it an honor to have Lieut.-Colonel Read to speak in his church on that branch of the work which he was especially in sympathy with—the rescue of the unfortunate and in caring for the little children. Those feelings far from well. Mrs. Read rose to the occasion, and spoke in her usual pathetic and earnest manner on "A City's Dark Side." We feel confident that the interest and sympathies of the people were aroused. The London S. A. band took the place of the choir, and rendered excellent service.—E. W.

From Our French Corps at Montreal.

We had the pleasure of welcoming Brigadier and Mrs. Pugnire at the French corps last Sunday. They were accompanied by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Taylor. The hall was crowded with a sympathetic audience. Adjt. Robert opened the meeting with a French hymn, after which testimonies from Sergt. Major Doctor of Pt. St. Charles, who has been of late a precious help for Adjt. Robert, also from Capt. Bro. Werry and Capt. Webb. After the singing of a duet, rendered in French by Adjt. Robert and our friend Prof. P. Villard, who was with us on the platform, Brigadier Pugnire, answering the question, "What shall I do to be saved?" made a pressing appeal urging the people present to come to Christ. The meeting was good and ended too soon. God will us from beginning to end. Good seed was sown. We bade the blessed fruits of salvation. Come back soon to the French Corps, Brigadier. Your presence will always be to us a precious encouragement.

Adjt. Robert conducted a meeting last Wednesday night in the chapel of the French Methodist Institute, a Missionary College, of Montreal. She was very impressive. At the end of the meeting 10 students—11 boys and 8 girls—were kneeling round the chapel platform, transformed for the occasion into a penitent form, looking for pardon and peace.—A Friend.

UNPRECEDENTED FAMINE IN INDIA.

By LIEUT-COLONEL NURANI, Ahmedabad, Gujarat.

For ONE DOLLAR per month we can keep three little children alive.
 FIVE DOLLARS would keep three little children alive for the remainder of the famine, if God be graciously pleased to send us rain next July.
 TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will support an orphan famine child for one year in our Homes.
 FIFTY DOLLARS would provide twenty-five families with weaving work and support for two months—the cloth to be used in clothing poor famine-stricken orphans.

February 9th, 1900.

IT is, for area and numbers, by far the worst famine that India has ever seen in the memory of British rule. At a recent meeting of the Imperial Legislative Council, at Calcutta, presided over by the Viceroy, it was stated that there were 40 millions of people in the distressed famine area, 21 millions more in area where famine has already begun, or must begin before the rains can be expected. This shows how appalling is the distress at present, and how almost overwhelming is the outlook of the next six months.

The British Government and the various Native governments of the affected areas are doing their very utmost to deal with the distress; but it can easily be seen how impossible it is for any Government to cope with it adequately, and they, therefore, invite and rely upon Missionary Agency and the charity of the public to co-operate in the months of trial before us.

Already for some months the most distressing scenes have been witnessed, and the prospect for their increasing more and more is a heart-rending one. We long to do more to help these poor suffering people.

We are in the centre of the famine districts, and thousands of refugees flock into Ahmedabad, hoping for either work or relief of some kind. Again and again, just in close proximity to our own buildings have persons been found dead of famine. Oh, how pitiful to see them—men and women in the prime of life, little children by their parents' side.

In the Panjab Mails, where the people are a simple, aborigine race, called the Bheels, the distress is very great. A single District Officer has only been in India about nine months, is laboring there heroically, with others. She is not able to speak of what she daily witnesses, without tears. At first the sight of poor, dead bodies by the roadside was so shocking to her; but now, nay! it is the common sight. She never goes into her village without the spectacle of some poor creatures who have dropped down in death.

A short time since she came across a whole family on the roadside. The father dead, a little dead child near, and still alive, the poor mother with a little dead infant in her arms. The dear Swadeshi girl, with her heart full of compassion, laid the poor woman's head on her shoulder, but its sudden weight alarmed her, and looking down into her face, she found the poor woman had died in her embrace.

A missionary, working in the same district, but in another town, reports that in one short morning walk, he saw five persons dead on the roadside, and the same day arranged for the burial of eight.

THE CHILDREN.

It is for the little children we feel most of all. The little children whose parents have died, or who, unable to witness their sufferings, have deserted them. Only a few days since, one of our officers was called to the window by the shrewd eyes of a European Police Inspector. "Pray tell me, Inspector," said Arora, "take this little orphan, if he will soon be dead on the road?" It was a mere baby, barely two years old. Mother and sister died of starvation, as far as can be ascertained. The Inspector said if we did not receive him, they would soon find him dead of starvation and cold, or run over by a cart.

Again, a District Officer reports only this week, that a poor woman with two children came to him for relief.

He gave her food, but almost immediately she expired, the two little children left on his hands, he not knowing who the woman was, or whence she came.

A constantly-increasing number of such little ones is being, as it were, thrown on our hands, we feel sent to us by God Himself, and we dare not, could not, turn one away. We must care for them, even if it is to share

ing. This will give laboring work to persons who cannot weave.

The children in our 163 day schools, now numbering 2,800, we long to help; but we can do so little with so large a number. We have, therefore, arranged that 400 of them, the worst cases, shall receive enough grain weekly, to keep them alive until the famine is over.

If we receive sufficient funds, the 400 shall become 600 or 800 little children saved from a terrible death. This unutterable distress, which I have been endeavoring to describe, if your friends can help us, our heart-felt gratitude will be yours.

THE NEW AND OLD.

How often men think that new ideas call for new arenas! They are generally wrong. The new sword is for the old fight, the new courage for the old conflict. "Go home to thy friends." Show the new life where the old one was lived. It will cost, but it will count. The new way of doing the old duty, bearing the old burden, fighting the old temptations, is the vindication of a new heart. "Behold, I make all things new" means making old things new.

The Hindoo Mother's Dream.

By COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.

The Famine Friend has marshalled forth—

His legions far and wide;
 Trim in regulation's grinding heel
 Has marked his giant stride!
 The grassless plains to feeble herds
 No blade of food supply.
 Upon the parched talao's bank
 They lay them down to die.
 The vultures weary of their taste
 And fatten on their prey.
 While timid jackals, fearless grown,
 Now scour the fields by day.

But, oh, the wall of human woe
 That rises to the sky
 From hunger-stricken millions, who
 Cry vainly for bread—oh, woe!
 Some cling to the ancestral spot,
 The hovel home so dear,
 And side by side they breathe their
 Last, last.

The bare earth floor their bier!
 Others in desperation rise.
 Their babes wrapped to their breast.
 And wander forth, they know not
 Where,

North, East, or South, or West!
 The bleaching bones that sad tales tell
 Of multitudes who fall
 Along the roadside, some in groups,
 Some singly—sights appal!

Yonder a widowed mother fans
 Life's feeble, flickering flame.
 And watches o'er her dying babe
 With love that's just the same

As lights our happy Western homes.
 And makes each mother start

When sickness pangs in his land
 Bereft him of his dismal fate!
 We scarce can tell—is it a faint,
 Or snatched sleep that steals
 Across her weary frame? She dreams

That GOD hears her appeals;

That help, with tireless Christ-like
 Wings,

Is speeding on its way,
 And soon for India's woe-worn race

Will dawn a brighter day.

She starts! A drum-beat she can hear.

A cornet's music shrill,

A song of hope and peace rings forth.

"The coming never still!

A banner never maren swings on.

The Makingshi dreamings on.

Once more a glade of gladsome hope

Beams from her sunken eye!

Nor vain the hope! Soon gentle hands

Have borne them home with care.

And tender hearts have ministered

To them their fragile fare;

And Christ's own messengers of peace

The time-lit tale repeat,

The one more weary, sit-sick soul

Finds pardon at His feet.

But see her withered finger points

To suffering millions more,

Whose woes for sunburned knock

Upon one country's door.

Our eager, willing offering

Shall hush her bitter cry,

While mingled prayer and arms arise

As incense to the sky!

After One of the Battles.

After one of the battles in the terrible war now raging in South Africa, two wounded men were brought into the hospital. One of them was a Briton, the other a Boer. Each had an arm shot to pieces. The arms were cut off in the same place by the surgeon.

The two men were laid upon the deck together. When Tommy (ever so comical) the British boy is called Tommy Atkins) he saw the Boer near him suffering from his wound, he called the nurse and asked her to take the Boer something from his case of supplies. "Tell him," said Tommy, "that I sent it." The nurse did as she was asked. The wounded Boer was so affected by the little kindness from his fellow-sufferer, who had, an hour before, been his supposed enemy, that he broke down and cried like a child.

The nurse also gave way and cried, and the two men who were cut off from them both had to hurry away to keep from joining them in their tears.

How sad it is that war should bring such men as these to treat each other as enemies. From the Angel of Peace

When the wish is father to the thought the both will look alike.



THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER III.

Upon the disappearance of Romulus, a Sabine, named Mima, was elected as King, according to the agreement that a King was to be chosen in turn from each nation. Mima's government was wise, and he lived at peace with his neighbors. He is said to have fixed the calendar, and to have months of the year. He insisted that Romulus should keep his word and had an altar built to Good Faith. He also did away with the former practice of sacrificing men and women to the gods.

Mima reigned 33 years and then was buried in a stone coffin.

Tullus Hostilius was his successor, a Roman by birth, and a great warrior. He went to war with the Albans until it was agreed that the two cities should join, but a dispute arose as to which city should be the greater. Tullus, who was determined to fight it out by combat. In each city were three brothers whose mothers were sisters. Both sets were about of the same age and skilled in handling weapons. The Roman brothers, Horatius by family name, were pitted against the Alban brothers, whose family name was Curatius. They fought bravely in the plain between the encamped armies, until two of the Horatii were killed and all three of the Curatii were wounded. The last Horatius ran to his disengaged cousin, who followed at his friend's instance, hindered by their varying wounds. Horatius then turned and slew each one of the Curatii as they came up to him, crying, as he struck the last of his cousins, "To the glory of Rome I sacrifice thee!"

Seeing his cause defeated, the Alban King asked Tullus what his commands were. "Only to have the Alban youth ready when I need them," was the reply.

Tullus Hostilius, though a victorious warrior in battle, was harsh and proscriptive. Once, when lightning struck him and his horse, it was taken as a judgment of the gods.

Aeneus Marcius, the grandson of Mima, was chosen King after Tullus Hostilius, and he ruled very much in the spirit of his grandfather. He built the first bridge over the Tiber.

In his time a Greek family had settled in Etruria, and there first introduced writing. The Roman letters, as used to day, are simplifications of the Greek alphabet.

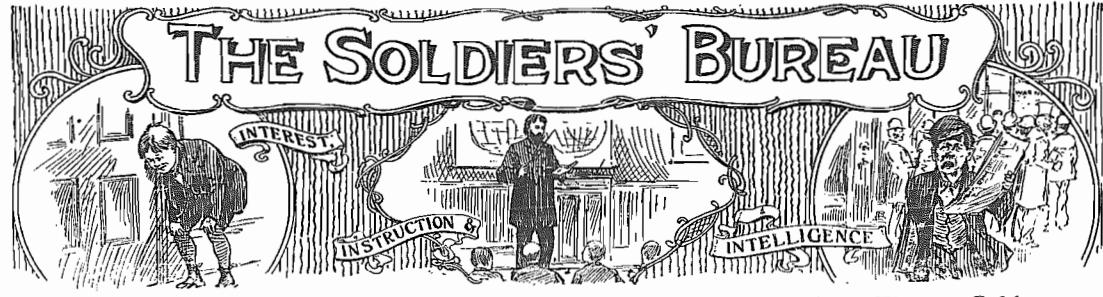
The first mention of this Greek journeyed with his wife, Tonaquil, and his son, Tarquinius, to Rome, as he had no chance to rise to honor in Etruria, being a foreigner. Tarquinius became a famous warrior, and upon the death of Aeneus, was chosen King. He introduced a purple robe and a golden crown as insignia of the Roman Kingship. He erected also a circus for games, and placed stone benches and shop stalls round the forum, also replaced the mud walls of the city by stone walls.

A legend tells of a fair slave girl in his house who offered to make a sacrifice to Tarquin, the Etruscan spirit. One day Tarquin appeared unto her and the girl's mother, Tonaquil, telling her that a man wanted to marry her. The slave was solemnly arrayed as a bride, and from the marriage came a son, called Servius Tullius. Tarquinus gave him his daughter in marriage, and upon his murder by the two sons of Aeneus Marcius, who wanted to obtain the throne, Servius Tullius was made King.

(To be continued.)

Truth may be bruised and laid up, but it never gets heart failure.

All His workings among men, which are His "way," have righteousness stamped on them. Absolute, inflexible righteousness guides all His acts, but whilst it may be poetically conceived as "preparing His way before Him," it may also be thought of as following Him, and pointing His footsteps as the way for us to walk in. Man's perfection lies in His imitating God. Jesus has left us "an example" that we should "follow His steps."



Terse Topics.

SPRING SAINTS.

Every season is a simile of some phase of the Christian character. Those who resemble the Springtime in their religious experience and influence are at once the most agreeable and the most disappointing people in the Kingdom of God. Their characteristic sunshine is very welcome, their cheerful looks, bright words, and kind actions make them beloved and a blessing. But then, you never know what to expect—for, like the variable Spring weather, their moods pass as quickly as they come. The testimony which has been full of joy last holiness meeting, may have a half-hearted ring in the next, or be waiting altogether. Uncertainty marks their movements. One feels when rejoicing over one of their victorious moments that you never know how long it will last. God save us from these variable seasons. Those who feel themselves the slaves of such should seek to establish themselves in that grace which is unchanging.

The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—"Thy will be done."—Matt. vii. 10.

Blest will of God! Most glorious,
The very fount of Grace,
Whence all the goodness floweth,
That marveling ages trace.

V V V

MONDAY.—"Of His fulness have we all received, and grace for grace."—John i. 16.

Saviour, grace for grace outpouring,
Show me ever greater things;
Raise me higher, sunward soaring,
Mounting as on eagle-wings!

V V V

TUESDAY.—"Look unto Me."—Is. xlv. 22.

From each snare that Jareth,
Foe and phantom grim,
Safety this ensureth—
Look away to Him.

V V V

WEDNESDAY.—"He knoweth the way that I take."—Job xxiii. 10.

Not yet thou knowest how I did
Each passing hour entwine
Its grief or joy, Its hope or fear,
In one great love-design.

V V V

THURSDAY.—"Enoch walked with God."—Gen. v. 22.

So mayst thou walk in His clear light.
Leaving on Him alone,
Thy life His very own,
Until He takes thee up to walk with
Him in white.

V V V

FRIDAY.—"Happy are these thy servants."—II. Chron. ix. 7.

Oh, happy are thy servants, happy
they
Who stand continually before Thy
face,
Ready to do Thy will of wisest grace,
My King! Is mine such blessedness
to-day?

V V V

SATURDAY.—"God Himself is with
us."—II. Chron. xlii. 12.

He is with thee, with thee always,
All the nights and all the days;
Never failing, never frowning,
With His loving kindness crowning,
Turning all Thy life to praise.

The Children's Basket.

Two Martyr Girls.

"What is your name?" asked Duncan, as the terrified child stood shivering before her enemies, with not one friendly hand to clasp hers, not one friendly face to smile down on her, not one friendly voice to cry: "God bless you!"

"My name is Faith," said the child. "And what is your religion?"

"A Christian," said Faith, "I serve and love the Lord Jesus with all my heart and soul."

"Sacrifice to our gods at once," commanded Duncan, hardly thinking it worth while to ask her so sure was that the child would be too frightened to do anything else.

"You will die under torture if you don't," he threatened, seeing her hesitate.

It was only a little thing she had to do, just to throw two or three grains of incense into the silver shrine of the Goddess Diana. There was nothing to do but to make a simple confession to make, and any little girl of ten years old, who wasn't very strong in the Lord, would have surely yielded as she looked at those fierce, cruel faces that were bent over her. But faith had no fear. There was One stronger than the Pro-Conscript, even the Emperor himself, standing beside her.

"In the name of Jesus Christ, my Lord," she answered firmly, "not only will I not sacrifice to your gods, but I am ready to suffer all kinds of torture."

So they took the poor little girl away and tortured her in a way I should not like to tell you of. Some day, when you read history for yourself, you will understand a little of all she went through before death, in the shadow of that glittering sword, mercilessly released her.

The people who stood by were moved with pity to see the child suffer, and that day a great number were led to see that Jesus was indeed the one Saviour of the world. Little Faith's testimony bore rich fruit. Wasn't it well for those souls that she lunged the incense to the ground instead of into the shrine of Diana? A few days later those spiritual children of Faith's wore crowns of martyrdom, and followed her into heaven.

News of what had happened to Faith spread all around, right up even to the hill of St. Vincent. The Christian Bishop, as soon as he learned she had been left behind, hastened down to her aid and comfort. But when he got there it was to look on her little dead body with the peace of God written on its pale features. Little Faith comes to us right down through the centuries. Hundreds and hundreds of years have passed away since Faith lived and died; yet her story lives still.

Little Prisca was martyred in Rome about the same time as Faith in Agen. She was between nine and ten years old when she was torn away from her parents and taken before the Emperor. He thought it would be very easy to persuade a child. He ordered her to offer incense to the Temple of Apollo. But she steadfastly refused. Blows and torture followed; but it was no use. Prisca would not bow before any god but the true God. Then she was locked up in prison all alone. Still she held firm. She was taken to the big amphitheatre—that dreadful place where the Roman Christians were given to the wild beasts—and given to a lion to eat. But, in and behold! the lion would

not touch her; he lay down at her feet like a dog!

The Emperor was very angry indeed, and he ordered her to be shut up for a long period in the temple of the gods. But, though weak and ill, little Prisca held firm to her faith, and finally she was taken and beheaded at the Ostian gate.

Such things are not done nowadays, perhaps. Still, every Christian child has a daily war to wage—perhaps a daily martyrdom to endure. We know a shy, sensitive little girl, who is laughed and jeered at in school because she refuses to "copy," and do certain other things that she does not consider right and true. Another girl spent six unprofitable months at school because she would do what she knew was right. "That was a hard six months," she said to me once.

"Every day at recess I used to have to go and sit alone. Not one of those girls would come near me. It was fearfully hard for me, for I was so fond of having people like me; still, I felt that for me to give in meant giving up Jesus."

I was quite sure that God, looking down from heaven on that solitary little girl, thought just as much of her offering of devotion and sacrifice as He did of little Faith's or Prisca's. Lives like theirs are handed down and remembered to remind little living Christian children that they

"Wear the crown they wore of old," and, as the hymn goes on to say—

"Oh day by day each Christian child
Has much to do without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake."

A weary war to wage with sin." You wear a death to the world, and self, and all kinds of sin. From "Red Flowers of Martyrdom."

RECEIVING BEFORE GIVING

There is a spiritual bankruptcy as there is a pecuniary one. I may become so eager to help the poor that I indiscriminately give away all my property, and so become a pauper myself. Likewise I may be so eager to help souls that I give away all my spiritual capital. I live and talk, and wait impatiently on God to fill me. This is folly. We should wait to be clothed with power from on high. We should take time to hear what the Lord will say, then speak so much as He gives us to speak. Then again seek His face and be quiet and attentive before Him until He re-fills us. If we do not do this we become weak inwardly, we draw on our own reserve power and become exhausted spiritually and mentally. We may be so eager to give that we become impatient of waiting on God to receive, forgetting that Jesus said, "Without Me ye can do nothing." Those who have blessed men the most, and have blessed the most men, have taken time to listen to God's voice and to be taught of Him.—S. L. B.

Blessedness and true success lies in keeping closely joined to God.

Every one of the attributes of God meet and embrace each other in the atonement of Christ. Mercy comes to display in Him; truth is revealed by Him; righteonsness law which we had broken is honored in Him; peace towards God and towards a remorseful conscience is possible through Him. Jesus paid it all—all the debt you owe. Yet He so paid it that, while you are saved, all God's glorious attributes shine forth undimmed in your salvation.

What a Soldier

Should Know.

the Salvation Army Law-Abiding? *

It is essentially law-abiding. We rarely come into collision with the authorities. In the early days of the Army, when we were not so well understood, the authorities often came into collision with us. That this is the correct way of putting it is apparent from the fact that in almost every case where we have appealed to the law-courts, we have been successful. Now, however, the attitude of the authorities has changed, and they increasingly look upon us, not as enemies of law and order, but as friends.

**

Is the Salvation Army Socialistic?

The word is open to many interpretations. To "the man on the street" it being Socialistic means something akin to being an anarchist, revolutionist, nihilist, or something of the sort; and then we emphatically say—No. But if it means, as we think it does, that employers and employees have duties and responsibilities the one to the other, then certainly—Yes. The Bible teaches clearly that both classes have duties and responsibilities to each other, and the Army's business is to enforce these claims fearlessly.

Do Salvationists vote?

Yes. Though as an Army, we take no part in political movements or upheavals of the day, yet Salvationists vote as individuals, and vote for good men. They vote because they want to show themselves on the side of righteousness and truth, and many refrain from voting because few opportunities offer for so voting according to their conscience.

Is the Social Work Likely to Supersede the Original Work of the Army?

No; we don't think so. The Social Work has been much more talked of because so many people object to talk about anything spiritual. The Social is the child of the Spiritual, and that relationship can never be changed. A Social Kingdom can be measured—a Spiritual one cannot. The Spiritual can exist without the Social, but the Social would speedily come to the dust and be lost without the Spiritual.

How is the Social Work Supported?

Now largely by the subscriptions of our own soldiers, directly given through the G. B. M. Boxes, and indirectly and mostly of the persons benefited by the various Social Institutions. Money is asked from the outside friends for the forming of new branches of the work and providing for about three years' part-maintenance, after which, it is hoped, that the majority of our Institutions—excepting, of course, purely charitable branches, such as Police Court, Prison Gate, Free Labor Bureau, Migrant Rescue Work, etc., will be able to support themselves.

Do the Finances of the Spiritual Work Suffer Because of the Social Work?

No; see balance-sheets. People who are well saved and taught the privilege of giving, as Salvationists are, give more and more liberally as opportunity offers. The G. B. M. Box, which is the main channel of contribution from our own soldiers to the Social Funds, has not lessened in any degree their offerings in other directions. People who don't want to give are ever ready to find excuses for not giving.

GLIMPSES INTO SOME LIVES TOUCHED

BY OUR

RESCUE HOME WORKERS.

I often wish we had time to give to the many friends who are interested in our Rescue Work a more realistic and comprehensive idea of the work which is really accomplished in the Homes situated up and down the Territory, but the delicate nature of the work makes it difficult to do this. We are anxious to give every true, earnest girl, who, though she has stepped aside, is desirous to retrieve her character and begin life afresh, a chance to do so. That the real identity of those sweet life-stories you may perceive may not be revealed, assumed names are given.

Among my papers I have found a little sketch, written by Capt. Story, now in heaven: I am passing it on to War Cry readers.—Lieut. Colonel Read.

—♦—

RUTH

"I tell you, mother, it is no use my working away here for almost nothing when I can get more than double the wages in America."

The speaker was a young fair-haired girl about 19 years of age. Her parents lived on a small farm in Sweden, but, being poor, their daughter Ruth had been trying to earn her own living and assist her parents by going out to service; but wages were very small, and Ruth had heard that several of her companions were going to America, where it was said that servants were in great demand and wages were good. So she decided to join them and try her luck in the new country. Although her mother felt the danger there was in leaving the country for a young girl, yet Ruth was determined to go, so off she started, promising her sorrowing mother that in a few years she would return, having made her fortune, and gladden the hearts of her parents. But, alas! for her hopes. Satan had laid his plans to entrap the unwary feet of the innocent girl. Ruth landed safely at Winnipeg, but having no friends to welcome her, and nowhere to go, with very little money, she wandered about vainly seeking for a situation. Very soon she found that her bright dreams were fast fading away, and soon Ruth was longing for her dear mother. Just then Satan seized his chance and someone appeared who promised her a home, money and pleasure. Her youthful feet were entrapped in the toils of Satan's snare. Soon all thought of home and mother were crowded out of her heart, as she sank deeper and deeper in sin and shame.

It was a bitter, cold day in January, when the thermometer registered between 40° and 50° below zero. A real North-West winter day.

Fur-muffled figures were seen hurrying on their way, bent on getting through their business as quickly as possible, as they might return to their warm firesides and enjoy the comforts of home and friends.

In a small back room in a tenement house, beside an almost fireless stove, sat a poor woman, with an infant child in her arms, swaying back and forth in an old rocking-chair, valiantly trying to hush the pining cry of the little one, and protecting it from the piercing cold, which was becoming more and more intense as the last stick burned out and the last spark died away. For days Ruth hadn't tasted food. The small sheet-iron stove, with an old tin kettle, and the chair in which she sat, were the only articles of furniture the room contained. She had barely enough clothes to cover her poor, emaciated body, and these were of the very thinnest kind.

At last the pitiful wail of the child seemed to arouse the almost torpid mother, and she started up in a desperation, pulling her old, ragged coat a little closer, and trying to make it cover the little one as well. She hurried into the street. Aimlessly she wandered up and down with nowhere to go, until the very blood was almost freezing in her veins. Then a kind lady noticed her, and when touched with pity; she took her into her home, and here by the bright, warm fire and hearty food for the mother and child. Finding out her destitute condition, she telephoned the Matron of our Rescue Home, and asked her to

take the poor outcast into the Home. This was gladly done, and poor Ruth slept that night in a warm, comfortable bed. When she awoke next morning she found herself surrounded by the bright, cheerful faces of others, who, like herself, had sunk in sin, but had found hope and deliverance through Jesus in the Home. These, with the loving care of the officers, soon melted her heart, and, seeing how terribly she had sinned against God, she sought a pardoning Saviour.

After some months spent in the Home a situation was procured for her, where she gave excellent satisfaction. Soon after Ruth received an

for them to carry back to the Home. Then, as the good-byes were being said, and the officers were about to return to their labor of love, Ruth presses a dollar bill into the hand of "her Ensign" as a small token of her gratitude, and thus we leave her, with a contented heart, and kind husband and the peace of God abiding in her heart, another trophy of our Rescue Work in Winnipeg.

There's another loved one, brother,
Dressed in suit of Army blue,
Voice that sings the Saviour's praises,
Eyes so loving, heart so true;
Tell her that in heaven yonder,
Far above all earthly pain,
We once more will sing of Jesus;
I will clasp her hand again.

Now the faltering voice grew weaker,
Low the head sank on the breast;
One of Jesus' faithful soldiers—
On the battlefield—found rest.
Minnie Pike.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

I am dying now, my brother,
Soon I'll pass from earth away;
Lay my head upon your bosom;
List to what I have to say.
If God spares you to get back there,
To the country of our birth,
Take this message to the dear ones
I shall never see on earth.

QUAINT ILLUSTRATED RHYMES.—No. 6.



Loudly the lean and hungry poor complain,
Yet to the miser they appeal in vain.

honorable proposal of marriage, which she accepted, and is now enjoying a comfortable home.

• • •

The year is almost gone, winter has again spread her white mantle over the earth, and over the frozen prairie we see a horse and cutter, occupied by three Salvationists, hastening along in the face of a biting wind, but they have reached their destination and run up before a neat little farm house. The door is thrown open and reveals a bright, comfortable room within. She enters a room of joy, as we perceives who her visitors are and kindly draws them towards the blazing fire. Soon the table is spread with good things, and as she sits about with her bright, happy face, singing snatches of the Army songs, it would be hard to recognize in her the poor, forlorn outcast of a year ago. Around the room there toddles a sweet little girl of fifteen months, who lovingly kisses the name of Papa.

Ruth cannot find words to express her gratitude to the officers who were used by God in lifting her from the pit. In truth she is a noble, but proudly leading them to the large two-story house where 1,500 bushels of wheat were stored (part of the proceeds of their little farm) she filled two large bags

Take one of my curls to mother—
Patient mother, that I love,
Never so soft hand would caress them
As she did, of Jesus' love.
Tell her Jesus is beside me,

And above the battle's strife
I could hear Him sweetly whisper,

"You shall have eternal life."

Take my Bible home to father,
Place it in his toll-worn hand;
Tell him to prepare to meet me
Over on the Shining Strand.

Tell him that his boy fought bravely,
Fought and died on Arlie's grave,
Ever true to God and country,

Now sweet peace my spirit fills.

Tell my brothers and my sisters

To serve Jesus evermore,

Till they meet me in His presence.

Yonder on the other shore,

Tell them all that I prayed for them

Last night, as alone I lay,

With the dead and dying round me.

Watching for the dawn of day.

Brother, tell my faithful comrades

In our dear old Army corps,

That my Captain has stood by me,

Though the fight at times was sore;

Tell them to be true and faithful

To our flag, and to our God,

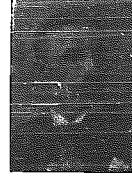
Tell me right for souls of others,

When I'm laid beneath the sod.

Warriors' Witness-Box.

BRO. E. T.
SMITH,
Hamilton,
Ber.

"Saved and
Kept by the
Grace of
God!"



A Bermuda Testimony.

My life, although not very long, has, nevertheless, been sinful. When quite a small lad my mother used to send me to Sunday School. At that time she was not converted, but about sixteen years ago she gave God her heart, then she endeavored to teach me to walk in the path of righteousness, and live an upright life. But I am sorry to say that I would not hearken to her teachings and pleadings. I went on living for self and the Devil, sinking deeper and deeper into sin, and hardening my heart against my mother's teaching.

About two years and four months ago, the Salvation Army opened fire in the little village of Somerset, Ber. I attended the meetings for a little while, and as I sat in the meeting one night, in April, 1898, God's convicting Spirit took hold of me. Although I did not go to the penitent form, I was compelled to fall on my knees and confess my sins before God. Before I left the small hall that night, I felt that old things had passed away, and all things had become new. Hallelujah.

From that night I went forth feeling that God had wrought a miracle in my heart. I felt that God wanted me in the Salvation Army, and that it was there where I had to work for Him. I am glad to-day that ever I responded to His call, and I feel that I am just in the place where God would have me to be, and my one desire in life is to live to help save poor sinners, and bring them to the Blood.—Cand. E. J. Strothard, Somerset, Bermuda.

—♦—

A Newfoundland Voice.

I was saved at old No. 1 corps, Halifax, in 1888. I am now at my home in Bonavista Bay, Nfld., awaiting the summons. While feeling sick in body, yet I can praise God that my soul is right with Him, and I am fighting for my Saviour beneath the dear old flag.—John S. Caines.



"Faith" and "works" are not two separate things, but two phases or aspects of the same thing. Faith is the inner spirit that links a soul with Christ, and thus secures to the soul power to do for God and man. Works are the manifestation of that linking, evidencing to the world that God the current of power is complete. Faith is the fire, works is the heat which the fire gives out. Fire without heat is dead; but it may look as if it were warm, but it is only a show, like colored tinsel in a summer grotto. There is such dead fire as this, and such dead faith. Let the show not deceive us.—S. S. Times.

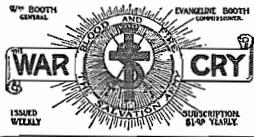
CAZETTE.

APPOINTMENT—

ADJT. CAMERON, of Bracebridge Corps and District, to the Temple Corps and Training Garrison.

ENSIGN PARSONS, of Sydney, to Dartmouth.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH.
Field Commissioner.



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All names should be written in ink or typewritten, and on the side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

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Before Easter.

The week before Easter brings again before our minds the events which transpired during that period 1807 years ago. It was the week of outward, or visible, events which had been foreshadowed from the beginning, and again and again were foretold by the prophets. On Sunday they welcomed Him with "Hosannahs" into Jerusalem, spread their garments and carried palm branches—on Friday they cried out, "Crucify Him! Give us Barabbas!" Oh, the terrible week of ignominy, shame, and suffering that the Son of Man endured for us, ere Easter morning dawned and the Son of God arose clothed with immortality. The hideous, bloody battle had been fought. Heaven had won. Hell was defeated. May, then, the passions and death of our Christ appeal to us in a manner that will provoke us to like endurance of offence and misunderstanding with the certain hope of the final triumph of truth and trust.

Although the Siege of 1800 is closed our efforts to unrelentingly fight the powers and works of Darkness must never be allowed to slacken.

In the darkest hour remember

His Who on the cross died
Not that every captive's letter

Might be broken, cast aside.

Clip your wings, soldiers brave,

Forward, dying sons to save.

Fight on, until in every land

Your colors wave.

What is the Salvation Army Doing to Relieve the Indian Famine Sufferers?

I.—Twenty-eight Cheap Grain Depots are conducted, at which grain is sold at a small sum.

II.—Free distribution of grain to old people and village school children is made.

III.—Advances have been made to 120 families to purchase cotton for weaving, and thereby earn money to buy food.

IV.—One hundred orphans and deserted children have been taken into our Industrial Schools, at a cost of 48 rupees (about \$16.00), per child for one year.

V.—People relieved through the Salvation Army:

By cheap grain,	12,000	weekly.
By free distribution	10,000	"
By allowance for cotton	1,000	"
Total,	23,000	

The Commissioner's Western Tour.

MISS BOOTH

WILL VISIT

GRAND FORKS Tuesday, April 3rd.

BUTTE Friday, April 6th.

SPOKANE Sat., Sun., and Mon., April 7th, 8th and 9th.

ROSSLAND Thursday, April 12th.

(MISS BOOTH IN RAGS.)

NELSON Saturday and Sunday, April 14th and 15th.
(SATURDAY, SOLDIERS' MEETING)

VICTORIA Wednesday, April 18

NEW WESTMINSTER Friday, April 20

VANCOUVER Sunday, April 22

WINNIPEG.

Friday, April 27th Drawing Room Meeting

Saturday, April 28th Soldiers' Meeting

Sunday, April 29th, 3 and 7 p.m. Salvation Meetings

The Commissioner will be accompanied by Major Smeeton
and the Provincial Officer.

BRANTFORD VISITED

BY LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ.

Splendid Progress of First Year's League
of Mercy Work—Now Members Enrolled.

On Friday last Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read paid a visit to Brantford and addressed a very attentive and most appreciative audience on behalf of the League of Mercy and Rescue Work. Adjt. and Mrs. McAlmond and comrades of the corps assisted in welcoming the Lieut.-Colonel. The meeting was opened with the familiar song, "My soul is now unit-ed," after which Capt. Gibson and Adjt. Beckstead offered prayer. Mrs. Read, who met with a real hearty welcome, expressed her pleasure at once again visiting Brantford, especially on this occasion, it being the Anniversary of the League of Mercy. Mrs. Read appreciated the presence of the crowd who bravely faced the extreme cold and drove from Paris to order to enjoy the meeting.

In speaking of the League of Mercy and Rescue Work, she was glad to report definite progress, and the different efforts from Newfound-land to Dawson City. Many sad and pathetic stories were related, which brought tears to many eyes, both on the platform and in the audience. Mrs. Read then received two new

members in the League, Bro. Shoe-maker, who represented the League in Brantford, was called upon, and gave a very interesting account of the work that is being accomplished through the efforts of the League workers in the different institutions, which comprises the General Hospital, and Widows' and Orphan's Home. Adjt. and Mrs. McAlmond sang a duet, after which Mrs. Read delivered very inspiring and impressive Bible reading. The meeting then closed with the singing of the Doxology.

The League workers then met at Brother Johnson's, and partook of the sumptuous repast which had been provided by its members. Adjutant McAlmond spoke in very glowing terms of the benefit the League had proved to the corps, and the help received from them personally. The members told how the citizens were deeply interested in their work, and gratefully assisted them. Brother Beament told a very touching story of a little boy who had been sentenced to fall on a charge of theft. When they conducted their regular meetings on Sunday afternoons in the jail, this little boy, always broken-hearted, and with arms clasped tightly around his brother, cried and pleaded to be taken home and not left there. It was more than the good brother could stand, so he set to work and succeeded in getting sufficient to pay the fine, and restored the boy to his parents and home. The result was that the whole family was at the S. A. barracks that same Sunday night to the meeting.

Sergt.-Major Mrs. Shoemaker spoke very encouragingly of the work and her own personal experience.

Mrs. Read, in her closing remarks, which were very beautiful, entreated all to live closer to God, as their influence would effect, good or evil, the souls of others. And what a very enjoyable and profitable evening was spent. Mrs. Read left with a pressing invitation to come again soon. Nettie Beckstead, Adjt.

ALASKAN NEWS.

I.—Dawson Doings.

The work is still going on at a lively pace. Souls are getting saved, and the interest is unflagging. "A young man came to the quarters," writes Adjt. F. Morris, "who has never been religiously inclined. God spoke to him, and won his heart. He got beautifully saved, and born again. He felt God had wanted him to become a Salvationist, and he has donned the uniform." "Last night we had the 'Prodigal Son' in scenes, with readings and songs. We had a great crowd, which was intensely attentive. We

cleared \$125 for the work. The sympathy of the people is wonderful."

II.—Skagway Sketches.

Adjt. McGill writes: "We are well and doing our best. The theatres and concert halls are getting re-inforced—10 or 12 new girls arrived lately. The Indians are continuing to find salvation. Had a colored corporal saved. (Uncle Sam keeps a colored company here.) A railroad man got sick last night, so you can have the sense of life here. The Indians are taking wonderfully to the Army. One of our Indian converts left here two months ago and began holding meetings 30 miles away. The latest report gives the number of converts as 35."

THE WEEK.

March 26th, 1900.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The pacification of the Orange Free State, as far as it is occupied and placed under provisional government by Lord Roberts seems to proceed rapidly. Even where burghs are surrendering their arms in response to Lord Roberts' proclamation.—General Clements has entered Philippolis, and General Brabant reports that 900 rifles and much ammunition have been surrendered to him. The Boer force, which is retreating along the border of Basutoland, has not yet been intercepted by General French.—Mafeking is still closely besieged. Colonel Plumer has been obliged, after a sharp engagement with the Boers, to retire northward, having only a small force with two guns at his disposal. The town is in sore straits on account of scarcity of provisions.—A party of British officers and a company captured ten miles north of Bloemfontein, where they were attacked by Boer sharpshooters, who killed one and wounded the others. They were afterwards assisted by Boers and carried to the nearest farm house, and are now in the Bloemfontein hospital.—Activities in Natal show that General Buller is planning to attack the burghers entrenched in the Blydeberg mountains.—It is reported that a small British force has invaded the Transvaal from the west, near Fourteen Streams.

UNITED STATES NEWS.

Admiral Dewey is ill.—The insurrection in the Philippines is reviving. The rebels in General Young's district attacked the garrison at Namacapa on four consecutive nights.—The Manila papers, representing the extreme Filipinos, are getting into trouble. One editor has been imprisoned and the other paper has been suppressed.—Six lives were saved by the gallant work of a colored man, M. S. Anderson, during the recent森木 fire at New York.

BRITISH BRIEFS.

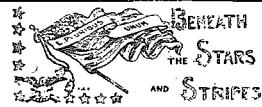
Lord Kipling is at Bloemfontein.—Mr. Cecil Rhodes has sailed for England.—The Irish Members of Parliament have decided that in the interest of national unity it is advisable to summon a convention of the Irish people by representatives of all public bodies, etc. It is reported that the Duke of York intends paying complimentary visits after the war to all colonies.—Queen Victoria proposes to publish another series of her diaries, the profits of which will be devoted to the Mansion House War Fund.

CANADIAN GULLINGS.

John Cavanagh, who was tried at London, Ont., for the murder of his mother, has been acquitted.—The Ottawa Patriotic Fund now amounts to \$203,420.—Hog cholera exists at Tribune, Man. One man lost 80 pigs.—The Chief of Police at Sydney, C. B., was fatally stabbed by an Italian laborer.—A private committed suicide at Stanley Barracks, Toronto, by blowing his head off.—The town of Rushforth, on Kootenay Lake, has been destroyed by fire.—161 cases of measles were reported last week in Hamilton.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

Germany is increasing the number of her war vessels in foreign waters from 10 to 21.—German doctors speak highly of the British field hospitals in South Africa.—France is sending warships to Morocco, owing to a dispute regarding land possession.



The latest War Cry is a special Self-Denial number, and an excellent one too.

The Consul visited Chicago, and held some tremendous meetings. 32 souls, in his address on "Love and Sorrow," living pictures and scenic effects greatly added to the impressiveness of the occasion.

Dr. Samuel R. Forman, of Jersey City, a faithful friend of the Army, has been called home.

Joe the Turk reports that he has captured another Turk at Stamford, Conn.



Self-Denial Week—the leading topic.

The General visited Sunderland for a Saturday and Sunday, and 121 souls rejected in finding holiness and salvation.

The Chief of the Staff has, we are glad to report, fully recovered from his recent illness, and as a symptom of his good health he is devoting an entire day to the Cadets in training.

Commissioner Dowdell is no worse. Commissioner Rees, an old Canadian leader, is, we are sorry to say, on the sick list.

Everybody seems to be challenging everybody else in connection with the raising of money for S-D. Uncle Paul says, "I am disappointed by his height, but invented a new form of competition—he has challenged his wife. I have not heard whether she has accepted the offer. In this case a home divided against itself will stand higher than usual. If Mrs. has really accepted the challenge, she will take her husband down a peg or two."

From the latest English Cry: "Commissioner Howard, ruddy, robust, and smiling, appeared at I. H. Q. last Thursday. Of course, his first call was to the General and Chief of Staff, to whom he presented the loyal greetings of our American comrades, and reported that the Congress had been a magnificent success, and that unity, energy, and confidence characterize the spirit of the War Cry throughout the Atlantic. The Commissioner had just completed the War Cry an interview—in his first visit to America and Canada. In the latter country the Commissioner had a taste of a Canadian blizzard. The Field Commissioner was, I am sorry to learn, not in the best of health. The Toronto Staff also sent their loyal and devoted salutations to the General and their British comrades."



In the meetings held in connection with the Harvest Festival in South India there have been some splendid scenes of simmers and backsliders seeking salvation. One of the most remarkable of these meetings took place at Alandy, long known as a hard camp, where a devil-dancer pleaded for salvation at the top of his voice, twenty other men and women kneeling at his side with the same petition, which was graciously answered. Some two weeks later in another village, almost the whole of the adult population came out publicly to the pentecostal form, renounced their idol-worship, and started to serve Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and are still doing well.

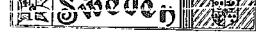
Brigadier Prabhu Das, for several years the successful leader of our work in Ceylon, has had to relinquish his command, and is now on his way to England, owing to the serious state of his wife's health. He is succeeded by Brigadier Jaya Rathi, late Provincal Officer of the Punjab.

The Punjab Province has now been separated from the North Indian Territory, becoming a Territory in itself, under the command of Brigadier Yuddha Bai, who recently returned to India from England. Since the departure of Colonel Jai Singh to take command of Japan, Major Yew Das, the

Chief Secretary, has been placed in temporary command of North India.

Commissioner Higgins writes that Bombay is in a fearfully plague-stricken condition. No less than 425 deaths were being registered daily at the time of writing, and one hundred of these resulted from smallpox, the remainder from bubonic plague.

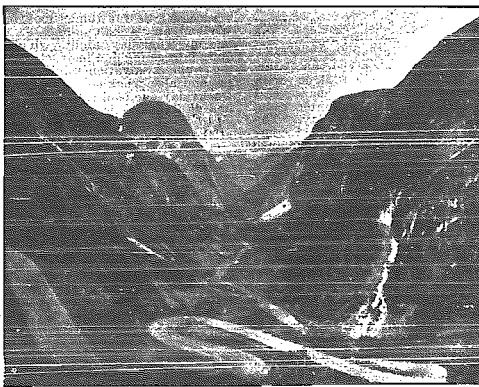
During the Commissioner's recent tour through the Marathi Territory, about three hundred natives were brought to Christ. At one place he was greeted by a congregation of over three thousand natives, the meeting being held in a huge "pandal" or open-air enclosure.



Commissioner Oliphant, who has been in London for a few days, had some glowing things to tell about Sweden. There is deep and general sympathy felt for the Indian famine-stricken, and numerous are the acts of service and among officers and soldiers to aid our efforts in mitigating their suffering. The Commissioner has recently concluded a remarkable ten days' meetings at Sundsvall, in the North of Sweden. A large building was crowded at nearly every meeting, and seventy new soldiers, if I am not mistaken, were added to the local corps. He is more than ever satisfied that plain talking, faithful dealing



A significant fact, noted by Brigadier Lee on a Sunday night in Turin, was that the whole of the splendid crowd of soldiers on the platform were, with three exceptions, converted Catholics. They are thorough-going



NAERODAL PASS, NORWAY.



VIEW OF STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

with the conscience, and red-hot determined efforts to stop souls from going hell are the measures that will raise up in Scandinavia a greater fighting force. Mrs. Commissioner Oliphant's work among destitute, outcast and poor women continues to grow in influence.

Kalskoga, one of Sweden's most recent openings, has lately had over 130 penitents seeking salvation; no less than sixty-three recruits have been made during the last three weeks.

The keenest and most practical sympathy continues to be manifested by our Swedish comrades in the India field distress. The Staff Band recently held a musical festival at the Stockholm Temple, and by this means raised over eight hundred kroner for the famine Fund.

Salvationists, too, wearing uniform, playing instruments, and boozing War Crys in the streets and cafes. One of the young fellows—also a Catholic—got converted in the meeting conducted by the Brigadier.

During Carnival Sunday at Turin, the streets were thronged with vast crowds of masked merry-makers, young and old, rich and poor, educated and illiterate. The Salvation Army also held a carnival—of a salvation character—and got a good crowd to their meetings. It is part of the general license which is allowed by the police at such festivals, the Brigadier says the worst thing said to the Salvationists as they passed through the crowds was, "Long live the Salvation Army."

"Loving God is but letting God love us," Bushnell.

Capt. Foster, an officer of four years' standing, has been promoted to

Odds and Ends.

An old sugar-planter died in a certain town of Jamaica, who was once a great enemy of the Salvation Army. Salvationists were afraid to go near him, but they passed his residence on one occasion singing, "Over on the Bright Golden Shore." The song seemed to have touched a tender chord in the old sinner's heart, and he sent for our officer and gave him an invitation to visit him at any time. It was not long afterwards that he became very sick. Our officer spent the whole night by his bedside, and helped him to make his peace with God, which he succeeded in doing. It was when he was on his deathbed that the old Sot-chumma. It is not too much to say he passed away singing "Over on the Bright Golden Shore," for he was trying his best to sing it a few moments before he died.

The latest intelligence from our Iceland comrades contains the welcome news of over thirty converts made recently in this little isolated outpost to the far north.

Australia has sent another batch of officers to Java, which is its own especial missionary field, and is attached to the Australian Territory. The Self-Denial campaign in Holland has opened with a magnificent meeting of Amsterdam soldiers, conducted by the Marechal. Such a season of Divine power has not been experienced for a long time. Mighty baptisms of the spirit of love and self-sacrifice swept over the gathering, and six penitent forms were crowned with seekers after God. The Self-Denial campaign should be a huge success after such an inspiring beginning.

PRINCE ALBERT.—We are pleased to report four more souls since last report, two of whom were backsliders. God's work is at work among the unsaved, and we are determined to hold on to God till we see many more coming to Christ.—G. M. Bartlett, R. C.

QUEBEC.—Sunday was a day of special victory and blessing. God wonderfully blessed our own souls, and at the close of our night meeting one dear comrade came home to God. With us in our night meeting was a gentleman, an ex-Mayor from Winnipeg. He said he had been in town for a few days, and he felt he wanted to get his soul blessed. He came to the front and joined with us in our prayer meeting, and he said God did indeed bless his soul. He says he loves the Army, and is in loving sympathy with our good work, and he is practical, for he gave me five dollars to help roll the old chariot along.—Dave, for Huxtable and Bios.

ROSSLAND.—Sluce first report Capt. Haas paid a two day visit after being away for a month. Soldiers and friends were all delighted to see Rossland's famous hustler again, and gave her a splendid reception. Meetings well attended and one sister at the Mercy Seat. While our new barracks stands Rossland's soldiers and friends will give Capt. Haas a loyal welcome here. Staff-Capt. Gage with us for week-end. The international hustler made his visit a surprise one, but a very welcome one. Sunday night's meeting, for crowd, the best since the opening of our new hall. A backslider volunteered to the front. Monday night soldiers' meeting, best on record.—A. C. for Gooding & Long Co.

Major Hargrave at Spokane.

SPOKANE.—The meetings last Sunday afternoon and night were conducted by Major Hargrave, assisted by Provincial Headquarters' Staff; also the soldiers' meeting on Tuesday evening. The afternoon march and open-air service was well attended, although it was a cold, bleak day, and the mud almost ankle-deep. A very large and enthusiastic crowd of men gathered round. The meeting in the barracks also was well attended, and went with a swing. The Major's talk and Bible reading was good and enjoyed by all. One man volunteered for salvation, being one of the largest we have ever seen in Spokane. The meeting in the barracks also was well attended. Adj't. Alward fired a good shot, and Ensign Bissell soloed. The Major's address was to the point, and much conviction rested on the crowd, although none yielded. Tuesday night we had announced for a special soldiers' meeting, and although the rain came down in torrents, it did not dampen the zeal and enthusiasm of the Spokane braves, for they turned out well. The Major's introductory remarks in reference to the principles and regulations of the Army were much appreciated, and according to responses, the soldiers thoroughly believe in the S. A. The Major's Bible reading was beneficial to all, and five men came to the Mercy Seat and fresh dedicated their lives to God.

STELLARTON.—We had a wonderful time on Tuesday night, led by Mrs. Capt. McElheney and the Juniors from New Glasgow. I tell you, the children did beautifully under the leadership of Bro. Forsey. They went through a number of musten drills and different other exercises. Lieut. Glunevan, for Capt. England.

ST. GEORGE'S.—We have started the Siege in earnest. We have also captured several good positions and prisoners. The first gun was fired on Sunday morning, when we carried one of the devil's strongholds and captured four prisoners before midnight. We are pushing onward. Result of eight days' warfare, ten souls captured from the devil's camp.—An Old Friend.

Far from Frozen.
ST. JOHNSWORTH.—Perhaps the people will think St. Johnsworth has frozen up this cold weather and nothing is doing; however, things keep moving on here under the efficient leadership of Capt. Jones and Duxbury. Ever since the Army opened here, two years ago last December, the work has gone steadily forward; slowly, it is true, but, nevertheless, gaining ground every step. Quite a number have sought and found salvation here this winter, and the end is not yet. Ensign Parker gave us a couple of

Through Wind and Snow in Muskoka.

BY THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

Shall we soon forget that wonderful trip north? From the time we shook hands with Captain Robt. Ilanna, the G. T. R. Depot in Aurora, immediately after we wound through the drifts, wallet deep, till we pass the same spot twelve days later, the weather which greeted us was, with slight exception, either wind and snow, or snow and wind. Other greetings and incidents were profuse, however, and of these I prefer to speak.

Friends and Kindness.

Whether it was in the home of our Captain friends—the Brownlugs, at Aurora; whether with our Presbyterian Salvation sympathizers—the Olivars, at Newmarket; whether amongst our Methodist supporters—the Williams, at Barrie, and Reeve W. H. and his cheerful family, at Huntsville; whether with our own S. A. Staff-comrades—Capt. Sheen and Lieut. Scott, at Orillia; with the Treas. and his wife, at Midland, with Treas. and Mrs. Preston, at Bracebridge, or in the abode of our warm-hearted (what shall I say?) Cosmopolitan friends—the Hunters, at Gravenhurst; or whether with the officers in their quarters, or the soldiers in the barracks, at one and all places alike there was the same beautiful vein of hearty welcome and kindness running through their greetings. For this we feel grateful, especially so because it proved no small factor in helping us to bless them all back again.

Blessing and Salvation.

It pleased the dear Lord to make the meetings times of blessing and uplifting to many hearts other than our own. His Holy Spirit, also, caused the gatherings to become seasons of salvation to no less than forty souls. Praise be to His name!

Accident and Death.

Nor was the tour without incident from the more sad and sorrowful side of things.

meetings, the 26th and 27th of March, which were much appreciated.—W. C. R.

ST. THOMAS.—Brigadier Howell and Staff-Capt. Phillips with us for the week-end. Good meetings all day. Local Officers, numbering fourteen, were commissioned. In the afternoon service, one soul for salvation. Deep conviction.—W. J. T.

SUDBURY.—One soul for pardon and three for holiness of heart—A Soldier of the Cross.

Beans and Blessings.

SUMMERSIDE.—Our D. O. Adj't. McMunnara, Sister Harvie, and Bro. Chappell, of Charlottetown, spent the week-end with us, and on Sunday night the D. O. carried three candidates from the west under the care of Mrs. F. P. Monday night we had a heavy supper, and although the beans were not very hot, we believe the officers and soldiers are hot after souls, and we hope are long to see many seeking Christ.—An Old Friend.

TILT COVE.—We are having good times here now. Sunday night all souls were captured. Our trusty leaders, Mrs. Ensign Gosling and Lieut. Foote, are full of faith and won't. Go. Fudge, J. S. S.M.

UXBRIDGE.—God is giving us some blessed time here. Although it was stormy on Sunday, we had a good day from 7 a.m. knee-drill. At the night meeting we had two sleigh-loads of Indian comrades from Seineo Hall packed. The Spirit came upon the

At Barrie, on Sunday morning, a gentleman was walking into town. Some time later in the evening, night, and so in preference to the railway, he took the railway track. He was deaf, and did not, therefore, hear the freight train coming behind; but it suddenly and certainly sent the dear friend into eternity.

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In our meeting on Thursday night at Huntsville, a backslider, who had been "away from home" for nine years, returned to God and recovered his lost salvation, joy, and gladness. The next day, while a gentleman was newly-papering his house, he (the paper-hanger) took a strange turn, and to take a little rest, lay on the sofa for a few minutes. "Help me up!" he exclaimed, and they helped him up. He lay on the sofa two or three times, and had scarcely taken the sofa again when he breathed his last breath. It all happened within 15 minutes.

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We had been in the beautiful town of Bracebridge but a short time before we heard the "tolling bell," and were told of "the funeral to take place to-morrow" of another departed one. The memorial service of the brave soldier, "Wardsell," who lost his life on the battlefield in South Africa, was also held on the Sunday night.

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Do you not hear, in these dispensations of Providence, the warning note. "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh?"

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Smiles and Tears.

In connection with Staff-Captain Manton's story of his life, which story he is pleased to call "Sixty Years Through Smiles and Tears," the Staff-Captain makes this amusing sally: "You cannot tell what my age is exactly, but I nursed Martha, Mary, and Lazarus." George Manton had the pleasure of nursing one brother, and two sisters all the same age—their names I have already told you. George was the elder brother, and, like a good boy did his share at the nursing. You see?

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Hate and Love.

We were delighted to once more meet an old comrade, Rev. Isaac—no, it is not Colored Jacobs, though the gentleman in question used to be an officer. He is the same faithful, true, plodding worker, and is not at a loss to demonstrate how willing and able God is to honor and bless whole-hearted toil for Him, whether in city or country. One man, a near neighbor, hated him, and did his utmost to oppose and injure. When the man was in very great sorrow and difficulty, Jacobs went in the name of Jesus, and played the part of the "Good Samaritan."

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people. Result, three souls for pardon. One little junior of six was heard to remark that the devil was losing all his people. War Crys all sold out.—M. L. R. C.

VANCOUVER.—The city has got the name of "go-ahead" and the S. A. corps here give it of this spirit. We have been giving our hall a proper cleaning up with paint, white-wash, and soap and water (scrubbing).—B. Norman, R. C.

WINNIPEG.—Sunday was a day of victory. God wonderfully blessed us. The afternoon and night meetings conducted by Adj't. and Mrs. Cass and others, were productive of much good. There was a good crowd all day. Five souls at night, and others through the week. Halilatul! Also a very interesting service on Thursday night, entitled "Billy McLeod." The soldiers are taking hold of the Sarge and are going in to do their best to make the most of the time. Our worthy special receive a hearty invitation to come back again.—Capt. L. Patterson, for Adj't. Kerr.

YORKVILLE.—We had a surprise party at the Red Lion Barracks on Sunday night, led by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Stanton. The writer can safely say that the Yorkville corps was very much gratified. We are particularly grateful to the many friends and supporters of the people who lay claim to the following names and titles: Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Stanton, Staff-Capt. Morris, Adj't. and Mrs. Adams, Capt. Easton and Morris. The result of the meeting was one precious soul for the Kingdom.—A. Rose, Capt.

The man was astounded at this action. He was convicted by God's Spirit, and in the little meeting which Jacobs led the following Sunday night, and to which the man and his family were, of course, invited, Jacobs had the joy of seeing the man himself, and several of his family seek and find salvation. "He is my best friend now," says Bro. Jacobs, "and is continually surprising me with acts of love and kindness."

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Soprano and Bass.

Among the number of good things the writer enjoyed at Orillia, was the singing of our Indian comrades, "The Wesleys." The son sang soprano and the father bass. Didn't they just roll it out? When the Wesleys come your way, get them to sing.

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Wrong and Right.

It was a great wind-up we had at Bracebridge. Unsaved souls had sought salvation on the Sunday night. It would be impossible for me to describe the different phases of that day's remarkable proceedings. There was the humorous and the serious, the sad and the glad, the sinner and the saved, the triumphs of grace and the defeats of sin all to be witnessed there; mingled, as were those scenes, with the shouts and songs of Christian hearts on earth, and the rejoicings of angels' spirits in heaven.

Manton smiled and hugged Jacobs, and Jacobs wept and hugged Manton, and both writer loved and squeezed them both.

One sister, in her new-found joy, rushed across to another sister, exclaiming, "I haven't spoken to this dear woman for a long time," and then the two wept across each other's neck, and saluted each other with a "holy kiss"; while a brother convert was affectionately greeted by his sister, who had long been praying for his soul's salvation, and everybody felt like singing "Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow."

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A BACKSLIDER'S DEATH.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"—Heb. II. 3. "I'll get saved, but not to-night," was the answer of a man who attended our meetings. Several times the Holy Ghost pleaded with him to come back to Christ. He once preferred to follow the blessed Master, but drifted away with the crowd down the stream of Time. One Sunday night he sat in our meeting for the last time. The officers pleaded and dealt with him faithfully about his soul. He went away unpardoned, but God's Spirit was still speaking. He made up his mind that he would come back to God, but before ten o'clock the next morning his spirit had gone to meet his God, to give an account of the deeds done in the body. Sinner, beware! Trifle not with the Spirit of God, because God's Spirit will not always strive with you, for if you forget God, He will forget you.—E. C. H.

WHAT IS DUTY?

With regard to ourselves, it is to be independent to the senses, and with regard to others, it is to be uniting in giving help and support; help to live well, to do well, to will well, to wish well; help by agreement and by opposition, by giving and by withholding, by firmness, and by compliance, by praise and by blame, by silence and by words, by what is pleasant and by what is painful. Dwellers on the same earth, travelers of the same road, and companions along the same route, we ought to help one another, and when we reach the resting place, we shall live first to render an account of what each has done for the happiness of the rest—for joy or for goodness. A kind look will win its reward.—Joubert.

WOODSTOCK.—N. R.—Victory so far in the Siege. Our Sings concert brought in a good report yesterday. Happiest week of his life. The "Auld Lang Syne" tea and meeting Thursday night was enjoyed by all. Three souls Sunday night—Kate Welch, Winnie Jones, C. O. S.

Nor'-West Breezes.

Major and Mrs. Southall Campaigning in North Dakota.

Splendid Crowds "Like Cures Like"—St. Patrick's Day—"Just in Time."

Our two weeks' trip to North Dakota was not only interesting, but profitable as well.

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LARIMORE is doing nicely under the command of Captain Pierce and Lieut. Custer. An ice cream social with a large audience on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1903, seemed a trifle incongruous, but when the time for action arrived it seemed to be quite in order. Had a fine crowd, the barracks being full, and a very interesting meeting. A pleasing feature was the enrolment of soldiers.

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DEVIL'S LAKE is not absolutely a newcomer, though it is a hard name for a town so nicely located. We had a full house and a very profitable meeting. Mr. Powell, a respected citizen, presided, and before introducing the new member for the North-West said some very nice things about our work, and dwelt upon Senator Chauncey Depew's statement that "every minister ought to put in a term in the slums, or ten years in the Salvation Army." Owing to commercial depression things have been a little quiet, but will soon pick up again. The Methodist minister kindly entertained me beneath his hospitable roof.

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MINOT.—If you want to strike a good-natured, hearty lot of people you will find them here. In reply to the Lieutenant's request for an appeal, they gave \$10 in less than thirty minutes. They are a treat to talk to, being interested in what you have to say concerning the truth. The Presbyterian minister was present and gave a few timely remarks. We expect to hear of several of those big-hearted fellows getting saved soon.

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Mrs. Southall did Grafton (assisted by Ensign Dean) the evening I did Minot. They had a fine crowd, and good meeting.

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A special holiness meeting at **GRAND FORKS** was Friday night's engagement. We had a very profitable time.

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FARGO.—Three days' campaign. Saturday and Sunday was very cold, and though meetings were good, crowds were rather small.

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A request had been made that I would speak to the young men at the Y. M. C. A. About 200 were present, and it was a treat to have the pleasure of addressing such a sympathetic and attentive audience. After my address the banner gave ten minutes for testimonies, in which I judge, between 30 and 40 testimonies were given. It was splendid. There was no extorting, but simple testimony.

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How much more interesting our meetings would be if there were more of the simple, straight, testimony business. So many seem to feel it necessary to throw in a hackneyed tail-end piece of extortation. Give the "ark of safety a rest." The leader of the meetings would be competent to give all the extortation that is required in closing. If it is a testimony meeting, and if you have a testimony, give it straight, simple, and concise, and—sit down.

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The social at **Fargo** was a splendid success. Mrs. Southall gave her interesting talk, "Sunlights," which was much appreciated. The barracks was packed and numbers turned away. The coffee and cake was summarily dealt with afterwards.

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LISBON.—This town is famed for its friendly spirit to the Army, and also for its bodyguard of young men, who also assume the responsibility of strengthening the singing function of the meetings. The anniversary banquet was a fine success. The meeting afterwards, in the M. E. Church, was full of interest and blessing. Many were convicted, and several were "fully persuaded."

I spoke to one man after the meeting about getting right. He said he would "be well with the colors." I have since received the information that he has kept his word, and got saved the next Sunday night. Hallelujah!

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VALLY CITY.—The people of this town are also fond of the Army. A full house at 10c. admission, good evidence of the fact. Ensign Taylor and Capt. Charlton are having victories times, and the corps is doing nicely.

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JAMESTOWN.—We found Adjt. Thomas and Capt. Hammond busy with the banquet, which, for variety, neatness, order, and management, was one of the finest I have ever seen.

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The meeting afterwards in the Congregational Church was very interesting and profitable, and seemed to be a harbinger of good things for the coming week-end meetings.

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The Saturday and Sunday meetings were fine. Splendid crowds and good interest. This came forward in the holiness meeting. There was a lot of conviction at night, and although none would yield, we feel convinced many will soon do so.

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GRAND FORKS.—A fine crowd turned out to hear Mrs. Southall's talk. We had a profitable and interesting time. Here also an ice cream social was served, reminding one of the "Homeopathic treatment"—"like cures like."

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A few days after our arrival home the officers provided a welcome tea, which also served the double purpose of a birthday tea to the renowned and much-loved Adjt. Langtry. The

latter event coming on St. Patrick's Day, and having descended from the stock of the Emerald Isle, the shamrock and green was a fitting accompaniment to the other good things. The Adjt's birthday was a very popular one this year. She is overjoyed at the prospect of getting back to work after a forced imprisonment through ill health, through the winter. She will take the Rescue Home of this city, while Mrs. Major Jewer, who is much loved in the city, will be taking an appointment in another part of the battlefield.

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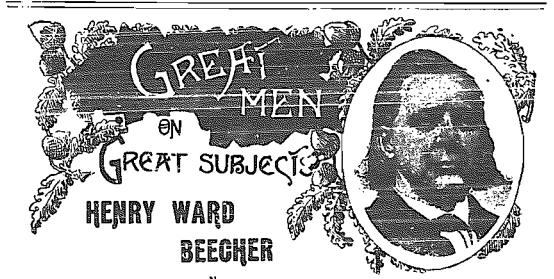
The Sunday's meetings at Winnipeg were a crowd for freedom, influence, crowds, and I think, for finances also. We had four forward in the holiness-meeting. Adjt. Langtry gave some interesting information in the afternoon meeting of her work. A full house at night was an inspiration especially as it was an attentive and appreciative audience. Your style is appreciated in the claims of the Spirit, and many others were "almost persuaded."

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Ensign Hayes, of Brandon, wrote me a few days ago as follows: "Do you remember the young man that got saved the Sunday night you were here? He died last Saturday, and we buried him yesterday. He has not been able to be out since the night after he was saved, so it seemed he just came in time."

If we could only obtain the records for one year of the number who are lost for ever through putting off till "too late," what a revelation it would be to the world! Thank God our brother accepted the opportunity mentioned. Perhaps some sinner, some backslidder, may read these lines. If so, I beg of you to repent while you can; your last chance may be—Now.

J. F. S.



SEEKING SALVATION.

(Continued from last week.)

The general qualities of the resolutions which men make are of every grade; even a frail woman, walking in the boisterous March wind, may find that with all the sins she carries she cannot make headway against it, and supports herself by a fence that is stiff enough to hold her until the wind lulls. And, as it is in the community, so it is in regard to individuals—there are many persons who, themselves, waver; they do sometimes for good reasons, sometimes for those not so good, sometimes because the purposes were formed in a moment of excitement, and have nothing left for them when the excitement cools. There is instability also arising from

Disability of Organization:

that is to say, a man may be susceptible while one class of effects is being produced, and in that mood he may form a resolution, but to-morrow some other blessed, beautiful thing may come up, and he is just as susceptible to that, and the secondary state of mind obliterates the first. A man is under the influence of music, and all his purposes run under that power or influence, but, by-and-bye, the outbreak of politics brings up patriotic, as it is called, and his mood changes, and then he is so disposed from that time longer operative upon him; another powerful influence causes digression. There are many men who have such ancillary elements brought to bear upon their wills and upon their temperaments that they are almost

persuaded to be Christians, and think they will be, but, going home in a hurry, will fall in with company, and the day following are lost in business interests and interests. It is like another scene that day. So there is this changeableness in men. Then the decrease of the power came from the nature of the mind. There is, however, this idea not to be neglected—the difference between the man's will and his wish. There are great many people that a wish is a wish. Oh, it has gone into a proverb, "If wishes were horses, then beggars might ride." A man wishes he were rich, but he is too lazy, and he never will be; a man wishes that he knew more, probably never will; he is lazy; a man wishes he could have entrance into certain circles of society, but the steps requisite he never will have patience or wisdom to take. You might just as well

Carry a Candle Around the Field

and think it is agriculture, because it is light shining on crops. Thousands of people think they wish to be Christians; they don't. That is the interpretation given much of the instruction of Jesus. Men came to Him and said: "What shall we do to follow Thee?" Then another said: "No, you won't; you don't know that I am a persecutor." "No, you won't; you have been a persecutor to suffering, suffering, poverty, persecution, death; you think that I am going to be a royal personage and shower honors and gold." "Ah," says one, "I will follow Thee, but suffer me first." Ah, there is that "If" and "but" in life. Ten thousand people say, "I would like to be a Christian if," and that settles it. "I want to be a Christian, but"—yes, that settles it again. And so Christ was surrounded by swarms of persons following Him around, wishing and wishing with various degrees of expediability for them and He put them off—He would have nothing to do with them. "Let him take up his cross and follow Me, who ever soever follows Me is my disciple." There is great distinction between wishing them and willing; for when a man wills the purpose carries with it the instrument to effect itself. You wish to be a Christian—do you will to be one?

Now, Christian life

Is the Only Reasonable One,

whether you regard it as a duty or as a means of the greatest satisfaction. That is to say, we were made to be Christians, and being a Christian is simply putting yourself in those relations to yourself, to your fellow-men, and to your God, for which you were created. True Christianity means living in those relations for which we were created—harmonization of ourselves, harmonization of our relations to our fellow-men, harmonization of our relation to the invisible future. And I say that it is reasonable; I say more than that, that it has in it the greatest amount of happiness. For although, for temporary reasons, a man may defer to his passions, taking the average and the whole life, he loses rather than he is the loser now, but suffers then. A man may think because he runs through a dissipated period and then reforms, that the dissipation is all over. No, no, no; the causes sink under and run subterraneously, as it were; and there is many a man that has grumbled at forty-five years of age from the misconduct of twenty years. You know that there are the seventeen-year locusts; they lay their eggs, and those eggs lie in the earth in dormancy for seventeen years, then they hatch and come forth. A man may, by evil deeds, lay the eggs that will hatch twenty years from that, and as a general truth I think it is demonstrable by actual observation and experience that the

True Happiness of a Man

lies in that self-control, in that virtue, in that integrity, in that love power, which is the substance of religion itself. It is not learning your catechism. It is not learning your verses of faith. It is not going through ecclesiastical achievements. "Thou shall love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself." Therefore, you must lift yourself, and he that lifts himself shows not by partiality towards the lower and worse forces in himself, but towards the whole self—the reason, understanding, the moral power and element and spirituality in him. Now, when a man has this presented to him, and he is urged to enter upon a Christian life as the only honorable one, the only one that has the greatest satisfaction in it, the only one that carries in it the idea of duty and gratitude towards God, how thoughtlessly men heed that. To-night how many are there of you that say in thus looking over the sphere of life-life to come—"I am resolved what to do." Bearing in mind what a resolution means and what it includes, how many men can say tonight, "Yes, I am resolved what I will do." There are very few of you who would say, "I am resolved not to be a Christian." That is a very hazardous thing, which few men care to follow. Men may say, on the other hand, "I hope some time to be a Christian; I feel sometimes as if I would like to be one; I wish I was one."

Just as a Lazy Man Wishes

he had the products of industry. But how many men are there here to-night that can say, "I am resolved what to do." "I am resolved what to do."

(To be continued.)

They who have received into their hearts the blessed assurance and realization of God's infiniteness and omnipotence in their own souls. Righteousness is a human experience, righteously appearing as looking from heaven like a gracious angel smiling on the truthfulness which springs from earth. Thus heaven and earth are united, and humanity becomes a reflection of the divine.

Capt. Clark, Kentville	31	Capt. Herringshaw, Devil's Lake	21	Capt. Sparks, St. Johns I.	25
Lieut. Peckham, Kentville	31	Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	20	Sergt. B. Hiscock, St. Johns I.	25
Cora McKenny, St. George's	30	Capt. Westacock, Portage la Prairie	20	Sergt. M. Rose, St. Johns I.	25
E. Peckwood, St. George's	30	Sergt. Mrs. Long, Brandon	20	Cader Bailey, Harbor Grace	25
Mrs. Mbg. Hamilton	30			Cader Fisher, Harbor Grace	24
Sergt. Peckham, Hamilton	30	34 Hustlers		Cand. Wiltshe, Heart's Delight	23
Sgt. Petts, New Glasgow	30			Sergt. J. Lidsten, St. Johns I.	20
M. Burgess, Halifax I.	29	Sergt. E. Glen, Butte	165	Sergt. Mrs. Peddel, St. Johns I.	20
Cadet Lyons, St. John III	27	Mrs. Capt. Hooker, New Whatcom	122	Sergt. L. Shute, St. Johns I.	20
Sister Matthews, St. John V	27	Lieut. Morris, Billings	117	Sergt. M. Elsbury, St. Johns I.	20
D. Lowe, Yarmouth	25	Sister Alea Lewis, Victoria	103		
Capt. Clark, Bridgewater	25	Capt. Krell, Nanaimo	95		
Mrs. Bowden, Dartmouth	25	Capt. LeDrew, Victoria	90		
Mrs. McDow, Dartmouth	25	Mrs. Ensign Cumming, Great Falls	86		
A. Hawkins, Yarmouth	25	Bro. Christensen, Vancouver	81		
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow	25	Capt. Walrath, Anchorage	81		
Cadet Purdy, St. John III	25	Capt. Edwards, Kamloops	79		
Lizzie Jones, St. John III	25	Capt. Light, Victoria	72		
Sergt. Lyons, Fredericton	25	Lieut. Gau, Revelstoke	69		
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton	25	Sister Mary Vohn, Butte	53		
Sister Conard, Halifax I.	25	Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	53		
Scott, Conard, Halifax I.	25	Mrs. Adj't. Ayre, New Westminster	50		
G. Volens, Fredericton	25	Capt. Scott, Helena	48		
Adj't. Fraser, Moncton	25	Capt. Stevens, Helena	43		
Capt. Mercer, Liverpool	25	Capt. Nesbitt, Dillon	46		
Lieut. Murchison, Hillsboro	25				
Cbas. McKey, Moncton	25				
Clinton Trottig, Amherst	25				
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Halifax II	25				
Capt. Mercer, Liverpool	25				
Aaron Tilley, St. John II	25				
Mrs. Chapman, Springfield	25				
Capt. Hudson, Clark's Harbor	25				
M. Boley, Fredericton	25				
Sergt. Chapman, Fredericton	25				
Capt. Leader, Lunenburg	25				
Sergt. Selfe, Halifax I.	25				
T. Phillips, Glace Bay	25				
J. Chisholm, Sydney	25				
Sergt. Aldrich, New Glasgow	25				
Cand. Whalley, New Glasgow	25				
Capt. Winchester, Moncton	25				
Lieut. Nettling, Liverpool	25				
Capt. Peltier, Dartmouth	25				

N. & W. WEST PROVINCE.

45 Hustlers.

Cadet Gamble, Winnipeg	160
Sergt. Major Curtis, Portage la Prairie	129
Lieut. Nutall, Winnipeg	100
Father Harvey, Valley City	84
Capt. Hammond, Jamestown	72
Lieut. Hagen, Brandon	70
Sister Cook, Fargo	70
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks	65
Lieut. McLeod, Medicine Hat	65
Capt. Bauman, Fargo	65
Capt. G. McMillan, Dauphin	48
Mrs. Capt. Gilliam, Carman	48
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Morden	48
Capt. Wick, Edmonton	48
Lieut. Lewick, Edmonton	46
Ensign Dean, Grand Forks	41
Capt. Woodworth, Prince Albert	40
Cadet Hardy, Rat Portage	40
Lieut. Wilcox, Prince Albert	40
Capt. Mitchell, Lethbridge	40
Lieut. Potter, Lethbridge	40
Capt. Halstern, Minedosa	39
Capt. Brantigan, Regina	37
Capt. Ferguson, Brandon	36
Cadet Scott, Rat Portage	35
Capt. Draper, Minot	33
Lieut. E. Draper, Minot	33
Miss Rushbrook, Portage la Prairie	32
Capt. Hall, Virden	31
Lieut. McRae, Virden	30
Cadet Bristow, Rat Portage	29
Cadet Quist, Rat Portage	29
Sergt. Johnson, Winnipeg	27
Lieut. Hall, Emerson	27
Capt. Pearce, Laramore	26
Lieut. D. Custer, Laramore	26
Capt. Kenneth, Moosomin	24
Lieut. Engdahl, Emerson	24
Cadet Gross, Rat Portage	24
Capt. Brandson, Laramore	23
Corps Cadet Smith, Laramore	22

CORPS' SUPPLIES.

HEADGEAR.

BONNET SHAPES, quality 2, sizes 4-5-6.....	1.00	Postage Extra (\$ per dozen)
do do 3, do	1.50	
do do 6, do	3.50	
BONNETS, TRIMMED, quality 3, sizes 4-5-6.....	4.00	
do (fine rulling) 4, sizes 4-5-6.....	4.50	
do quantity 6, do	6.00	
do (fine rulling) 6, do	1.00	12
CAPS, Ladies' Bicycle (with band).....	2.00	13
Men's Regulation (broad top, with band).....	1.50	13
do (not do do do)	2.00	10

GUERNSEYS.

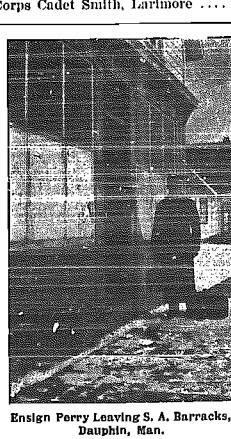
Heavy Worsted, with crest.....	\$2.00	13
Fine Woolen, Best Baldwin Wool, 2-ply.....	2.25	01
do (B. O. S.) Best Baldwin Wool, 2-ply.....	2.50	13
do Best Baldwin Wool, 3-ply.....	2.50	13
Cardigan Jackets, each.....	3.50	16
Blouses, Red Cashmere, each.....	2.00	10

MISCELLANEOUS.

BANDS—S. A. Hat, Staff.....	\$0.35	01
do Soldiers.....	1.25	01
BADGES—Maple Leaf.....	10	01
English Shield.....	25	01
English Enamelled.....	25	01
J. S. Shield.....	15	01
BRAID—Red, per gross \$4.00, or 3 yards.....	10	01
Yellow, do do	10	01
Blue, do do	10	01
Emper. Suit (braid only).....	1.40	03
Adjutant's and upwards (braid only).....	1.80	03
BUTTONS—Black S, two sizes, per dozen.....	15	02
CRESTS—Officers.....	10	01
Bandsmen.....	25	01
J. S. Silk.....	15	01
CORD—Tri-colored, per yard.....	15	01
FLAGS—For Corps.....	3.00	10
LAMPS—Bead Lamps.....	40	Exp
PAPER—Note, in pads 150 pages.....	15	02
do in packages of 25.....	2.00	05
RIBBONS—Tri-colored, narrow, per yard.....	20	01
do wide, do	25	01
Beaded, narrow, do	35	02
do wide, do	50	02
SILK—Surah, per yard.....	85	04
Bengalas, per yard.....	1.00	04
STARS—per pair.....	10	01
S'S—Staff do	50	01
Metal do	10	01
STRIPES—Sergents.....	15	02
Sergeant-Majors.....	15	02
TORCHES.....	25	Exp

Sergt. Boothroyd, New Westminster.....	45	One night I to the Army went, And there a cure I found; One dose of good salvation From Jesus' precious fount.
Sister Ruth Shinn, Livingston.....	35	
Sister Gertie Warford, Livingston.....	35	
Mrs. Myles, Helena.....	32	
Capt. Hines, Revelstoke.....	32	
Capt. Sheard, Lewiston.....	30	
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Bismarck.....	28	
St. John's Brook, Mt. Vernon.....	27	
Sister Martineau, Victoria.....	25	
Mother Hooper, New Whatcom.....	25	
Capt. Dutchie, Nelson.....	23	
E. Floyd, Anchorage.....	22	
Capt. Jackson, Livingston.....	20	
Mrs. Nelson, Helena.....	20	
Lieut. Salut, Lewiston.....	20	
Lieut. Lloyd, Butte.....	20	

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.	17 Hustlers.	S. McFarland, Lisgar St.
J. S. M. Fudge, Tilt Cove.....	52	
Cadet Cummins, St. Johns I.....	35	
Cadet Tiller, St. Johns I.....	35	
Cadet Howse, St. Johns I.....	35	
Cadet Foot, Tilt Cove.....	30	
Cadet Oldford, St. Johns I.....	25	
Cadet Churchill, St. Johns I.....	25	



Ensign Perry Leaving S. A. Barracks, Dauphin, Man.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We search for missing persons in any part of the globe; before and as far as possible, we endeavor to find the parents and children of persons in difficulty. Address Commander-in-Chief, 18 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Persons should be sent, if possible, to delay no time.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commandant if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First insertion.

COWARD, JOHN. Age 31, height 5 ft. 8 in. Left Greencroft, N.D., ten years ago. On vessel "Annie Laurie," Capt. Blowey. Last heard of in London, Eng. Mother and father anxious.

HUDDLESTON, EDWARD. sometimes called EDWARD BROWN. Age 61, height 5 ft. 7 in., grey hair, dark eyes and complexion. May be attached to Life Assurance work. Friends anxious.

THOMAS HUGHES, aged 27, married, printer, fair, light hair, last address 307 W. 146th St., New York, and who is supposed to be in Toronto, will call at 361 Sackville St., he will hear news of his mother.

Second insertion.

LIGHTFOOT, JOSEPH. Age 25, height 5 ft. 4 in., single. Farming at Maple, Ont. Left in August, 1897, to go to Manitoba. Brother enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

TURCOTT, MRS. JOSEPH. Last known address Chatham, Ont., about 18 years ago. May be in Denver, Col. Son George, in Toronto, enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GARDINER, WILLIAM HARMAN GARDINER. Age about 28. Was brought with his brother Victor from a home in Boston, to Detroit, in 1880. Parted in Wayne County. Not been heard of since. Brother Victor anxious to find him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GOSSE, JAMES. Home in Tilton, N.D. Last heard of ten months ago, from New York, en route to St. John. N. B. Sailor on board schooner "Clayole." Mother very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WHITTON, MRS. JESSIE. Age 64, stout, tall, well built, fresh complexion. Husband's name was Robert Whitton, died 26 years ago. Had three daughters—Jessie, dead; Lizzie, age about 45, married William Meyers; Jessie, about 37. Last heard of 16 years ago in Bristol. Brother Robert, in Canada, enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

BINGHAM, MITCHELL. Age 26, 25, dark, blue eyes, tall. Wrote mother in England for money, in '98, and embarked for Klondike. Mother not heard since. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

NETTILTON, D. ALFRED. Age 25, dark, blue eyes, tall. Wrote mother in England for money, in '98, and embarked for Klondike. Mother not heard since. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

IMPORTANT

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—
PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS ?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES ?
PROPERTY DEEDS ?
MORTGAGES ?
INSURANCES ?
LEGACIES ?
LEGACIES ?

DO YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—
CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGERS ?

IF SO, the Commandant is willing to place your services the knowledge and experience of a competent attorney at your disposal. Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. Smeaton, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto & small fee to cover expenses, will be charged.



Covered by the Cross.

Tune.—The Cross now covers (B.J. 80).

1 I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love :
And over its waves to my spirit,
Comes peace like a heavenly dove.

Chorus.

The Cross now covers my sins.
The past is under the Blood,
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God.

1 I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free ;
But when I had ceased from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole :
I touched the hem of His garment
And glory came thrilling my soul.

The Prince of my peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me ;

Then listen, beloved, He speaketh—
"My peace I will give unto thee."

Send the Pentecost.

Tunes.—Conference (B.J. 75); Edna Rhea (B.J. 65).

2 Lord, see us now with one accord,
All waiting at Thy cross ;
Our hearts are bare, our motives pure,
We count all things but loss.

Chorus.

Oh, send another Pentecost,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain ;
Quicken Thy saints, bring back the lost,
Revive Thy work again.

The rushing wind, the tongues of flame,
Oh, let them now descend,
And sit on each that's gathered here
Then selfish aims shall end.

Push heaven's windows open wide,
Let streams of mercy flow ;
Cause hell to wear her mourning robes,
They enemies o'erthrew.

Let sinners be quickened by Thy power,
And hearts made all alliance,
A burning zeal for dying souls,
Reveal Thy work again.

The sinner smile with holy mirth,
Backsliders now rechief ;
Let hovering spirits bear the news
That souls are born again.

What a Saviour !

Tune.—Oh, what a Christ have I (B.J. 75).

3 I've found the Pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy ;
And sing I must, for Christ I have.
Oh, what a Christ have I !

My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings ;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

My Christ, He is the Tree of Life,
Which in God's garden grows ;
Whose fruits do feed, Whose leaves do heal,
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

My Christ, He is the Heaven of heavens,
My Christ, what shall I call ?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
My Christ is all in all.

Jesus Calls.

Tunes.—Jesus is calling ; or, I stood outside the gate.

4 I stood outside the gate, a poor, wayfaring child ;
Within my heart there beat a tempest, loud and wild ;
A fear oppressed my soul that I should be too late ;
And, oh, I trembled so, and prayed outside the gate.

Sorrow is punishment, its removal shows pardon.

In Mercy's form I knew the Saviour, long abused,

Who oft had sought my heart, and wept when I refused ;

Oh, what a bless return for Ignorance and sin !

I stood outside the gate, and Jesus let me in.

Chorus.

Jesus is calling,
Open your heart's door wide,
Let Him in.

"Mercy ! I loudly cried : 'oh, give me rest from sin !'"
"I will," a voice replied, and mercy let me in ;
She bound my bleeding wounds, and carried all my sin ;
She eased my burdened soul, and gave me peace within.

In Mercy's form I knew the Saviour, long abused,

Who oft had sought my heart, and wept when I refused ;

Oh, what a bless return for Ignorance and sin !

I stood outside the gate, and Jesus let me in.

On the Cross.

Tunes.—Will you go ? (B.J. 13, 7 ; B.J. 12, 3 ; 113 ; 277, 2).

Behold, behold the Lamb of God
On the Cross ;
For us He shed His precious blood
On the Cross.
Oh, you who still His love defy,
And all His grace and power deny,
Draw near and see your Saviour die
On the Cross.

Come, sinner, see I'm lifted up,
On the Cross ;
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the Cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus does atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the Cross.

Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the Cross ;
In nothing else my soul shall glory.
Save the Cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time, and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me
On the Cross.

"Beware of the Leaven."

Tune.—Throw out the life-line,
Beware of the leaven, dear converts, so bold,
If you would be valiant, like prophets of old ;
A little will harm you, the Saviour well knew ;
It kept back His converts, and so it will you.

Chorus.

Beware of the leaven ! Beware of the leaven !
"Beware !" is the message so plain ;
New wine of the Kingdom will smash
the old bottles,

And give us the victory again !

Beware of the leaven ! Oh, have you not read,
The reason why thousands of Christians are dead ?
They walk with Pharisees, learning of him,
And quenching God's Spirit they always get dim.

Beware of the leaven ! Oh, Christian, so cold ;
Although it has stunted you, if you'd be bold,
Repent and come out to the form once again,
Beware of the leaven ! Oh, is it not plain ?

Beware of the leaven ! Oh, sinner, if you,
When under conviction, would ask what to do ;
Where waters are troubled just throw yourself in—
"Tis only the Blood that can save you from sin !

Adjt. Phillips, Jamaica.

OUR NEXT ISSUE WILL BE THE
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LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ,

(The Rescue Secretary)
WILL VISIT AND CONDUCT SPECIAL SERVICES
ORILLIA, Sat., Sun. and Mon., April 7, 8, 9.
BARRIE, Tuesday, April 10.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE

Will Conduct Special Meetings at
Kemptville, Monday, April 9.
Gatineau, Tuesday, April 10.
Kingsboro, Wed. and Thurs., April 11, 12.

BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN

Huron St. (old No. 1), Sunday, April 1 to 8, inclusive.
Temple, Friday, April 13.
Fenelon Falls, Sat. and Sun., April 14, 15.
Lindsay, Monday, April 16.